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ONE SHILLING.

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THE "DISMISSAL" OF MR. LANSING: PRESIDENT WILSON, MR. LANSING, AND OTHER AMERICAN STATESMEN.

The announcement that Mr. Lansing, the United States Secretary of State, had resigned, and that his resignation, which was taken to mean a dismissal by President Wilson, had been accepted, caused a great sensation. The President held Mr. Lansing's "assumption of authority" to be a violation of the U.S. Constitution. Since the Armistice, the following changes have taken place in the United States Cabinet, and, at the moment of writing, it is likely that there will be more. In December 1918, Mr. Carter Glass became Secretary of the Treasury in place of Mr. W. G. McAdoo; in February 1919, Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer succeeded Mr. T. W. Gregory as Attorney-General; in December 1919, Mr. J. W. Alexander replaced Mr. W. C. Redfield as Secretary of Commerce; on

January 27, 1920, Mr. D. F. Houston replaced Mr. Carter Glass as Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. E. L. Meredith followed Mr. Houston as Secretary of Agriculture; on February 8, 1920, Mr. F. K. Lane resigned as Minister of the Interior; and on February 12, Mr. Robert Lansing resigned. In the photograph are seen (front row, left to right): Mr. W. C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, since resigned; Mr. Robert Lansing, now resigned; Mr. David F. Houston; President Wilson; Mr. W. G. McAdoo, since resigned; Mr. Albert S. Burleson, Postmaster-General; back row (left to right): Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labour; Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War; Mr. T. W. Gregory, since resigned; and Mr. Franklin K. Lane.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



By HILAIRE BELLOC.

SO many things are happening so quickly—people say it is on account of the war—that I cannot help wondering whether Dressing Up will not come back again. It may. Anything may happen in such days as these.

It was for centuries and centuries one of the chief occupations and pleasures of the human race, and you can see something of what it was if you go to an Opening of Parliament. They say the French Revolution killed it, but its death is more mysterious than that!

It began well before the end of the Dark Ages. It sprang into intense life all through the Middle Ages. It continued to the end of the eighteenth century. There was not only the change in fashion, nor the myriad diversions of individual taste; there was also deliberate creative Dressing Up for the playing of certain parts. Each new Religious Order as it arose started its own costume; every rich man invented a livery; each of the Guilds liked to be distinguished by a special distinction of clothing. Each province boasted its particular cap and bodice and manner. Religion blazed with it, and the Byzantine Court led the way. It was a sort of orgy of human liberty, of the cult of the free individual will which was the note of all those centuries. Then, suddenly, it disappears . . . and what a pity!

It is a mark of energy (and therefore a comforting thing to note) that in modern nations, and especially here in England, the instinct for Dressing Up is again struggling for expression. You have the Boy Scouts and you have the Trained Nurses, and I remember some time ago (perhaps it is going on still) you had the Corps of Scavengers in London—with a slouch hat beautifully turned up at the right-hand side in the fashion of the South African War. But so far it is only a struggle for expression. It has not yet broken the bud. I hope it will, and that soon.

For one thing, without it you have no expression of majesty in human life. A man crowned and in robes is a very fine sight. If he has a great symbolic part to play, he is helped to play it by such a rig. If he is physically worthy of the part, it enhances his appearance. If he is not, it covers the defects. The dress we wear to-day is a dress suitable only for one particular type of man and that not a distinguished type; nor is it suited for any great rôle. The English were ridiculed in a past generation for a piece of singular wisdom in that they retained some measure of this dignity for their Courts of Justice, and no one can cast a dreary eye over the House of Commons without discovering that the Speaker and the Serjeant-at-Arms are the two figures worth looking at.

Even soldiery, which ought by nature to be the most flamboyant example of Dressing Up, have had to cut it down. Necessity has compelled them. But when possible—when necessity does not drive—then surely the more fantastic uniforms should return. There really seems no sound argument against that return save the argument from expense. The soldier in his modern uniform is like a man dressed for work, and it seems decent that he should change that work-a-day dress for another when he is engaged not upon work but upon pageantry.

Now, if anyone thinks pageantry useless he ought to read the Ancients upon the title of Magnificence. It was the great argument of antiquity against democracy (and one of the few strong arguments) that democracy hindered Magnificence. It did not forbid it, but it hindered it and weakened it! And magnificence is a great aid to life—the nobility of monuments, and, co-relative to them, the nobility of great processions and parades. Miss Tynan, I think

it is, has given in one of her poems a fine line where it is said, speaking of some great angel—

Terrible in his majesty
More than an army passing by;

and certainly there is nothing which more confirms the human spirit or more edifies it than a great body of trained men moving together, especially if they move almost in silence. The more you add distinctive costume to this spectacle the more you enhance it.

When one wishes that Dressing Up would come back, and come back quickly so that we older ones should



MARSHAL FOCH AMONG THE PERAMBULATORS IN ROTTEN ROW: WALKING IN THE PARK WITH GENERAL WEYGAND DURING HIS VISIT TO LONDON.

Marshal Foch came to London to attend the recent conference of the Supreme Allied Council, and remained to discuss military questions relating to the Treaty with Turkey. General Weygand is his Chief of Staff.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

see it before we die, it is certainly puzzling to guess by what avenue it could come. The first man who should attempt it would be lucky if he escaped the asylum. He would certainly make a fool of himself. It will not come that way. It will probably come, as most things have, by a few slight but distinct changes at first, and these, at a particular and favourable moment, growing very rapidly indeed into quite new things.

If you take the history of Dressing Up you will

familiar, and was confirmed. Sometimes it was an accident, like the famous accident of the old French Infantry uniform, now, alas! dead and buried. For (as I have always heard) the red trousers which were the special mark of the thing were introduced (something that the Revolution and Napoleon had never seen!) simply because the Government happened to have on hand—from I know not what source—a large surplus of brilliant red cloth that would wash.

With the decay of Dressing Up, there went the decay of jewels. It became almost indecent for a man to wear jewels at all, and women did not wear them as they should—a point which reminds me, rather irrelevantly, of a sentence which I heard a few weeks ago, and which has haunted me ever since. I heard one woman say to another: "Of course, one cannot wear diamonds in August." It called up a great conjecture in my mind of whether it were a religion or that quasi-religious thing, etiquette, or, likely enough, sheer absence of diamonds.

Well, it would be a good thing if jewels were to return. The love of them is in our blood. They are curious and delightful to handle. They are splendid in symbolism. They "make an effect" as nothing else does. In the time when jewels were understood and expected to be used and not apologised for, men gloried in them.

Charles the Bold rode furious to his death with that huge diamond in his cap which is to-day here in London, and appears on great occasions in a tiara: and yet nobody knows what it is . . . but what a history! The axe that clove his skull must have missed that great gem by an inch or so at the end of that terrible ride.

Since jewels do not perish, there ought to be a history of each—a long history running through centuries. It would be the history of famous men and of great occasions. But, as I say, people are ashamed of them now, and it is a great pity. When Dressing Up comes back, the jewels will come back with it, and I for one shall be very pleased.

But if any of you agree with me, for heaven's sake don't force the thing! It will not bear forcing. There is a dumb, drab devil living in the midst of us, and angrily watching all our attempts at return to sane and happy living, and if you challenge him he becomes very formidable indeed. Let no one advocate, as I am advocating here, the return of Dressing Up. Let no one begin by anything startling, not only for his own sake, as I have said, but also for ours. For he would most certainly be defeated. But when you see

the thing beginning, hold your tongues. If you applaud, applaud only with the greatest discretion, and even criticise a little. Enough to give a thrust to the new adventure. It may be that new functions will do the trick—new civic duties. I should not wonder if the men who fly were to produce a Guild: and, indeed, now that I have used that word Guild (for the Guild is certainly returning), it should, as a by-product, bring back distinctive dress and all the value of it. The historical pageants of a few years ago will be remembered. The Universities also have relics which they are free to develop. What can be finer than the full dress of an Oxford Doctor of Music (or what can be more absurd than the music he does not teach)? The Church is there already with any amount of opportunity and of long practice as well; and, by the



FROM STAGE TO POLITICAL PLATFORM: LADY DE FRECE (MISS VESTA TILLEY) CONGRATULATING HER HUSBAND ON THE DECLARATION OF THE POLL AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

Sir Walter de Frece (Co.U.) was elected at Ashton-under-Lyne with a majority of 737 over Labour. The votes were: Sir W. de Frece, 8864; Mr. W. T. Robinson (Lab.), 8127; Sir Arthur H. Marshall (Lib.), 3511.—[Photograph by Topical.]

be surprised to see how sharp the divisions were. Men in one moment after another decided upon a new uniform, put on a new distinctive dress for some new distinctive organisation—the Dominicans, for instance, or the Palace Service of a King. It appeared and grew

way—I wonder I had forgotten it—there is the hunting field. Men do very rightly to despise and blame the atmosphere of wealth which makes poor men afraid or proud to hunt, but they do wrong to blame the scarlet coat. It is one of the few things still left us.

THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: CAMERA NEWS OF EVENTS NEAR AND FAR.

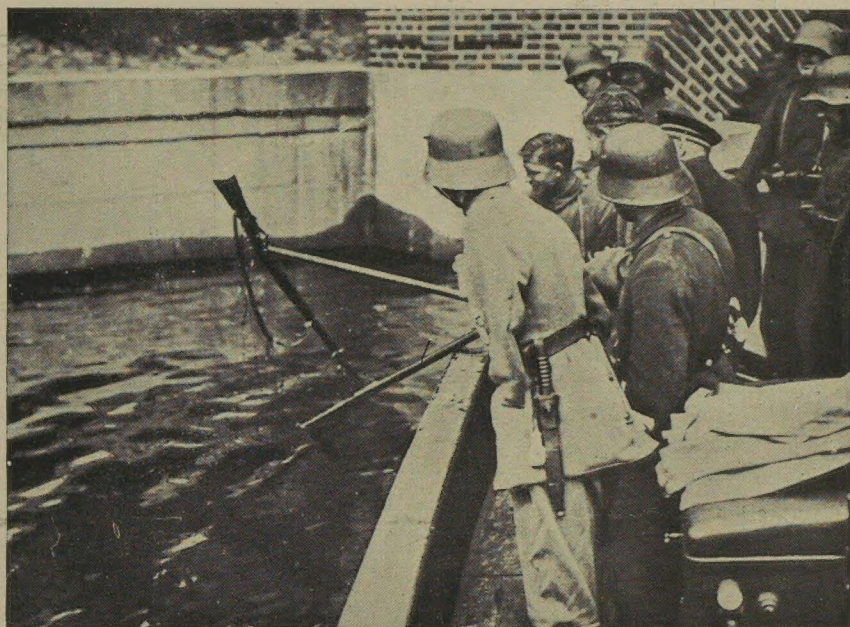
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, WIDE-WORLD PHOTOS, (SUPPLIED BY PHOTOPRESS), AND L.N.A.



A FAMOUS WAR 'BUS INSPECTED BY THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: WAR DRIVERS CHEERING HIS MAJESTY ON LEAVING.



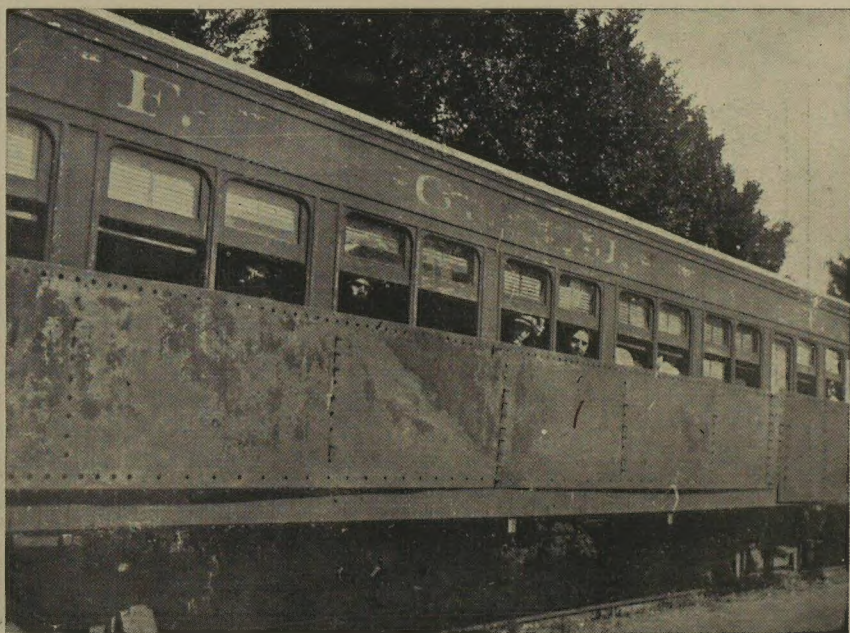
STOPPING £22,000 WORTH OF REMITTANCES TO FOREIGN SWEEP-
STAKES PROMOTERS: A BIG TASK FOR G.P.O. SORTERS.



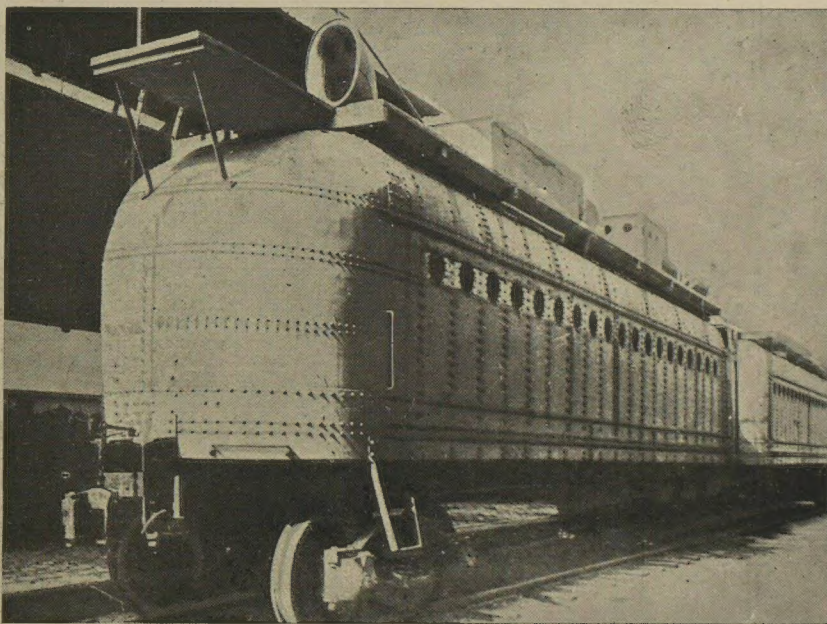
A SEARCH FOR HIDDEN AND IMPORTED ARMS IN GERMANY:
FISHING A RIFLE FROM THE RIVER ALSTER AT HAMBURG.



THE FIRST PIGMY HIPPOPOTAMUS EVER BORN IN CAPTIVITY:
A "BABY" (15 INCHES LONG) THAT LIVED ONLY 36 HOURS.



PROTECTED BY STEEL PLATES AS ARMOUR AGAINST THE BULLETS
OF BANDITS: A RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN DISTURBED MEXICO.



SPECIALLY BUILT FOR USE IN THE BRIGAND-INFESTED REGIONS
OF MEXICO: STEEL-ARMOURED RAILWAY CARS.

The King inspected on February 14, in the Quadrangle of Buckingham Palace, a motor-omnibus, No. B43, which was on war service with the Motor Transport of the British Army from 1914 to 1919. A brass plate on the 'bus records that it was at Antwerp in 1914, at Ypres in 1915, on the Ancre in 1916, on the Somme in 1917, at Amiens in 1918, and returned home last year. It has since been renovated and now runs between Willesden and Old Ford. Beneath the record are the words, "Lest We Forget." His Majesty shook hands with each of the thirty-five Service drivers and conductors who were with the 'bus.—It was recently announced that all letters addressed to the promoters of

foreign sweepstakes had been detained in the post and returned to the senders. The money contained in the letters which had to be opened to ascertain the sender's address amounted to £22,000.—After the riots in Germany many Spartacists hid their rifles or threw them into rivers. Ships entering Hamburg have been searched for concealed arms.—A pigmy hippopotamus was recently born in the New York "Zoo," from one of the only five specimens ever captured. It was the first ever born in captivity, but it lived only 36 hours. It was 15 in. long and weighed 9 lb.—Parts of Mexico are so much infested by bandits that armoured carriages are used on the railways.

THE POST-WAR WINTER SPORT SEASON IN FULL SWING IN SWITZERLAND: BOBSLEIGHING; CURLING; SKI-ING; SKI-JÖRING.

PHOTOGRAPHS—11 BY TOPICAL; 2 BY

FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.; AND 1 BY C.N.



WINTER SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE KURVEIN SKATING RINK.



BOBLET'S AT ST. MORITZ: A HAPPY PARTY READY TO START DOWN THE RUN.



EASIER TO MANIPULATE IN THE SNOW THAN WHEELS: A PERAMBULATOR ON RUNNERS.



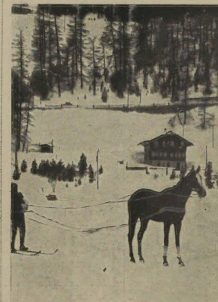
A PARADISE FOR CURLERS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE KULM CURLING RINK AT ST. MORITZ.



AT THE WHEEL OF A SWISS TOROGGAN: MISS SONIA KEPPEL STEERING A 'BOBLET'.



AVIATION ADDED TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF ST. MORITZ: AN AEROPLANE OUTSIDE ITS HANGAR AT THE AERODROME.



HORSE, MAN, AND SKI: A PARTY SKI-JÖRING



AT ST. MORITZ READY TO GO ON THE LAKE.



IN A PICTURESQUE VEHICLE ON RUNNERS: MAJOR R. H. SALVESEN STARTING FOR A DRIVE AT ST. MORITZ.



THE MOST ARTISTIC OF WINTER SPORTS: MAJOR AND MRS. BEAUMONT SKATING.



THE MOST ADVENTUROUS OF WINTER SPORTS: TWO GIRLS OFF FOR A SKI-ING EXPEDITION AT ST. MORITZ.



WITH THE SNOW WELL BANKED-UP FOR TAKING THE CORNER: NEGOTIATING "BATLEDORE" ON THE CRESTA RUN.



POPULAR WINTER BOBSLEIGH RUN



SPORT: ON THE AT ST. MORITZ.



LUNCH IN THE OPEN AIR IN WINTER: A PARTY OUTSIDE AN HOTEL AT ST. MORITZ.



AT THE "BOB" RUN, ST. MORITZ: (L. TO R.) COMTE ZAPPOLA, PRINCESS MURAT, MR. E. SHOEKRAFT, MISS AITOR, AND COL. HENEAGE.

Winter sports are once more in full swing in Switzerland, where an improvement in the snow conditions came to delight the hearts of holiday-makers. Those who cater for them, in travel and accommodation, have spared no pains to make the post-war season as pleasant as those of former years. Without good snow, however, winter sport is hardly practicable. One cannot take a heavy bobsleigh down a twisting Alpine run at high speed unless there is enough snow to bank up the corners, and a fall from the Cresta on to bare rocks would mean

broken bones, if nothing worse. But to tumble off the track into three feet of soft snow may be merely exhilarating. Without snow, again, ski-running, the most adventurous of winter sports, is not possible. "The ski-runner," says one writer, "is his own toboggan and bobsleigh. Someone will pick you up if you come to grief on the ice or on the rock, but if you lose your way on the mountains you must fight your way to safety or freeze." Skating and curling—each a highly technical art—are, of course, ever popular.

4000 DEAD AND WHOLE TOWNS OVERWHELMED: MEXICAN EARTHQUAKES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE MEXICAN NEWS BUREAU.



IN ONE OF THE TOWNS THAT WERE TOTALLY DESTROYED: RUINS OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AT COSAUTLAN.



HAVOC IN THE CITY OF PUEBLA: RUINS OF A HOUSE, SHOWING A HEAVY WALL FALLEN INTO THE PATIO.



ONE OF OVER THIRTY CHURCHES DESTROYED: PART OF THE WRECKED CHURCH AT TEOCELO.



PARTLY WRECKED BY EARTHQUAKE: TEOCELO CHURCH—THE NAVE.



EARTHQUAKES THAT CAUSED \$30,000,000 DAMAGE: BUILDINGS AT PUEBLA.



LIVING IN IMPROVISED HUTS: SURVIVORS OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT TEOCELO, WHERE OVER A HUNDRED PEOPLE PERISHED.



A TOWN WITH 600 PEOPLE OVERWHELMED BY WATER AND MUD: WHERE BARRANCA GRANDE ONCE STOOD.

The terrible earthquakes in Mexico, which began on January 3 and devastated wide regions in the States of Vera Cruz and Puebla, have killed over 4000 people, destroyed whole towns, and done damage estimated at 30,000,000 dols. A correspondent writing from Mexico City on January 29 says that the earthquakes "cannot yet be said to have ended." Describing the fate of the places here illustrated, he writes: "At Teocelo, the greater part of the Parshi Church came down with a crash Cosautlan, a once-beautiful

town, was totally destroyed. Upwards of 200 well-known persons lost their lives here. Barranca Grande was another beautiful little town. Los Pescador River used to pass along the edge of the valley without any great quantity of water. On the second day of the catastrophe, one of the mountains to the north gave way and fell into the river, forming a sort of dam, but soon the waters overcame the obstacle and an avalanche of water and mud flooded the town, destroying all the homes and drowning over 600 persons."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGH CECIL, LAFAYETTE, VAL L'ESTRANGE, TOPICAL, MANUEL, L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND TRAMPUS.



MARRIED TO THE HON. MARY CADOGAN ON FEB. 17: THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD.



APPOINTED A JUNIOR LORD OF THE TREASURY: SIR WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, M.P.



ENGAGED TO CAPT. ALAN F LASCELLES: THE HON. JOAN THESIGER.

MARRIED TO THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD ON FEBRUARY 17: THE HON. MARY CADOGAN.



SHOT BY THE BOLSHEVISTS AT IRKUTSK: THE LATE ADMIRAL KOLTCHAK, FORMERLY SUPREME RULER OF SIBERIA.



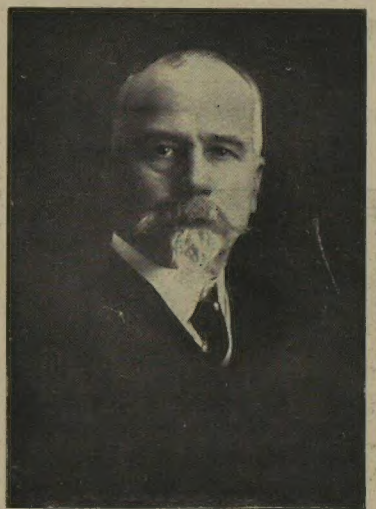
THE ALLIED COMMISSION IN UPPER SILESIA: (L. TO R.) GEN. DE MARINIS (ITALY); GEN. LE ROND (FRANCE); AND COL. H. F. P. PERCEVAL (GREAT BRITAIN).



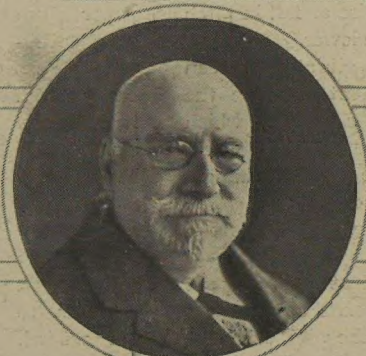
THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW GERMAN CHARGE D'AFFAIRES IN LONDON: HERR STHAMER AT CHARING CROSS.



TO BE INTERIM SECRETARY OF STATE, U.S.A., IN PLACE OF MR. LANSING: MR. FRANK L. POLK.



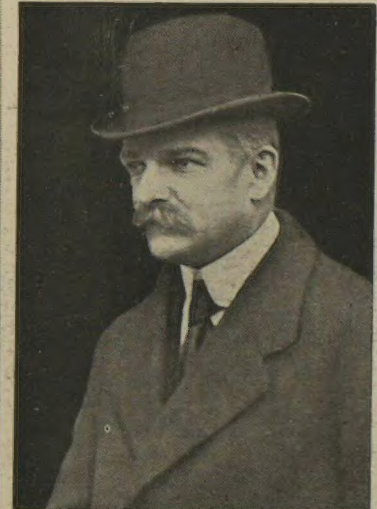
DISCOVERER OF THE SLEEPING SICKNESS BACILLUS: PROFESSOR ARNALDO MAGGIORA, OF BOLOGNA



A WELL-KNOWN WESLEYAN PHILANTHROPIST: THE LATE SIR JOSHUA WADDILOVE.



APPOINTED VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM: ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS BRIDGEMAN.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES: M. RAOUL PÉRET.

The wedding of the Marquess of Blandford, 1st Life Guards, elder son and heir of the Duke of Marlborough, to the Hon. Mary Cadogan, daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and Lady Meux, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on February 17.—Sir William Sutherland is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Lloyd George.—The Hon. Joan Thesiger is the eldest daughter of Lord Chelmsford, Viceroy of India, and Lady Chelmsford.—Admiral Koltchak and his Prime Minister, M. Pepelaieff, were shot at Irkutsk on February 7, by order of the Revolutionary Military Committee.—General Le Rond is head of the Inter-Allied Commission in Upper Silesia. The other members are Col. H. F. P.

Percival and Brig.-Gen. de Marinis Stendardo de Ricigliano.—Dr. Sthamer, the new German Chargé d'Affaires, took up his duties at the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace on February 16.—It was stated recently that Mr. Frank L. Polk was to act temporarily as U.S. Secretary of State in place of Mr. Lansing.—Prof. Arnaldo Maggiora, Director of the Institute of Hygiene at Bologna, is said to have discovered the bacillus of sleeping sickness.—Sir Joshua Waddilove founded the Provident Clothing and Supply Company.—Sir Francis Bridgeman has been First Sea Lord and Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet.—M. Raoul Péret has succeeded M. Deschanel as President of the French Chamber.

The World of Sound: IV.—“Sounds of the Country.”

By PROFESSOR W. H. BRAGG, C.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S.

THE sounds of the country are in some ways the most interesting of all, because they are the natural sounds which ears were made to hear—the noises of wind and rain, forest and running stream. Among them also are the signals of living things to one another, which have grown in richness of meaning as ears and brain have grown in delicacy of perception.

There are creatures which have the crudest means of calling to each other, closely resembling the toothed

wheels and the card. There is a grasshopper, for example, which has on the edge of the left wing-case a series of projections like blunted teeth of a saw, on the other is a ridge, and when one is rubbed over the other the action is exactly like that of the card and the wheel. There is a tiny tambourine set in the right wing (Fig. 1) just inside the ridge that is rubbed, doubtless with the object of launching larger pulses into the air—the same sounding-board action that we have already met with several times. The crickets also use a “bow” to draw across the edge of the wing-case. The bows of the field cricket and the house cricket are shown in Figs. 2 and 3: the projections correspond to the teeth of the wheel



FIG. 1.—RIGHT WING OF GRASSHOPPER, SHOWING SMALL TAMBORINE AT “T.”

in our experiment. A certain beetle has a file along its body, and another to match it on its leg. When it wishes to make a noise it rubs one file along the other (Fig. 4). The cicadas possess a small stretched membrane to which a muscle is attached near to one edge; the muscle is made to shiver and the drum vibrates. There is a well-known toy made on the same principle (Fig. 5 A). A piece of parchment is tied across the end of a tin cylinder, perhaps an inch or two in length and diameter, and a piece of string fastened to the middle of it. The tin is held in one hand and the string drawn through the resined fingers of the other; the resulting noise is horrible. On a hot summer evening in Australia the noise of the cicadas is ear-splitting. The male of one variety, known to Australian boys as the “hollowbelly”—Fig. 5 will show that it answers to its name—would seem to use the distention as a sounding-board. There is an insect called the “death watch” which lives in or on wood, and makes use of the fact that wood transmits sound very easily when it wants to signal to its kind.

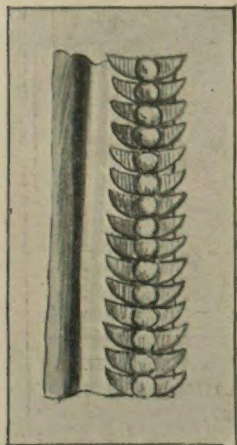


FIG. 2.—THE HOUSE CRICKET'S BOW.

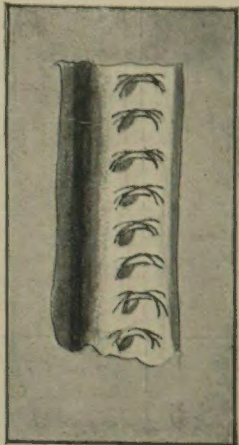


FIG. 3.—THE FIELD CRICKET'S BOW.

It raps the wood with its head—Figs. 6 and 7 show how. The noise is like the ticking of a watch or clock, and is supposed by the superstitious to foretell a death. Dr. Gahan tells me that he has kept a “death watch” in a box for a long time, and that it answered to the

tapping of a pencil on the table outside. There are insects like the bluebottle and the death's-head moth which are the wind instruments of the band. And besides these there are all those that move their wings fast enough to give the sensation of a sound of definite pitch.

In the country the chief sound is that of the wind. When the wind blows past a branch or twig or telegraph-wire, and when the speed exceeds a certain limit, the stream of air does not merely divide into two, flowing steadily on either side and uniting again when the obstacle has been passed. It sets up little whirlpools first on one side and then on the other; they grow out of the little “backwater” behind the obstacle, and then pass on, forming a drawn-out string of vortices (Fig. 8). The stream does not flow evenly past the obstruction, but runs mostly on that side on which, for the moment, the whirlpool is forming. The effect occurs also in water, and is then easier to examine. The most recent, and a very excellent, set of observations is given in Report 332 of the Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, from which Fig. 8—A to F—are taken. They represent the result of observations of the flow of water past a cylinder, the motion being made clear by the introduction of small drops of oil or fine streams of milk in ways

which are explained in the report. Each time that the stream of water or air wavers from side to side it sends out a pulse into the surrounding medium. In the case of the wind, each air pulse strikes an ear close by, and the pulses succeed one another so rapidly and regularly that a note of definite pitch is caused. Lord Rayleigh used a very simple way of observing the wind note. A piece of wire is bent into a hoop and fastened to a glass tube as shown in Fig. 12. To the other end of the glass tube is attached a piece of indiarubber tubing which serves as a connection to the ear. The little apparatus is held in a draught such as we find in the air space of a nearly closed door or window, with the wire pointing into the draught; the little whirlpools as they pass the wire strike the end of the glass tube in turn and send pulses along to the ear. In this way we can listen to the wind, note how it goes up in pitch if the air stream is faster or if we replace the wire by one that is thinner. An audience can all hear the wind note at the same time if we use an apparatus (Fig. 11) modelled on that employed by Strouhal forty years ago. The wires are whirled through the air at a speed which we can vary at will, and we hear the whistle of the wind rise or fall in pitch as the apparatus is turned faster or slower.

The wire does not necessarily vibrate. It can scarcely help doing so to some extent, because the unequal passage of the stream causes a pressure which urges the wire to one side—to that side, in fact, where the stream runs fastest. When the stream changes over, the pressure is exerted the other way. The movements of the vibrating wire are always to and fro—across, not with, the stream.

If the wind passes a wire or cord at such a speed that the wind note, whose pitch depends only on the speed of the wind and the diameter of the wire, coincides with the natural note of the wire, then the wire sounds strongly in resonant response. So we get the singing of the telegraph-wires by the side of the road, or of the Æolian harp.

A wire can give more than one note. It can divide into two, three, four, or more equal parts, and when it does it emits sounds of twice, three times, four times the pitch of the deepest note. The overtones of the wire are closely analogous to those of the column of air which we have considered already. There is a beautiful old experiment which we may repeat in order to illustrate the point. We take the monochord, and put riders at the points dividing the string into four equal parts, and we put riders of a different colour half way between.

The finger is pressed gently on the string at one of the points of division, and an instant's light touch with the bow unseats half the riders but leaves the others unshaken. Those that remain were at the nodes, or points of rest (Fig. 17).

In the Æolian harp (Fig. 10) a large number of wires are stretched on a sounding-board, and all are tuned to the same low note. When the wind blows over them, “overtones” are sounded, not necessarily the same for all the wires, because they may not be all of the same thickness. They are necessarily all in harmony with each other, except that the overtone of seven times the frequency is not in our musical scale and introduces a certain wild quaintness into the dreamy music.

In order to show the Æolian harp effect in water Rayleigh used an apparatus which is copied here (Fig. 9). A short pendulum is swung over a basin of water near to the edge, so that the lower two or three inches of it are below the water surface. The basin is made to revolve slowly and steadily; in our case an electro-motor is driving it. It takes two or three minutes before the water inside picks up the motion of the basin. The pendulum can swing across the stream. It is steady at first, but after a while we see that it begins to swing and soon attains a maximum amount of motion. The water goes faster and faster, and the pendulum's motion dies down again. The rate at which the whirls form as they pass the rod depends on the speed of the water and the size of the rod; and so the alternate side pressures come faster and faster as the water increases in speed until they agree with the natural period of the pendulum. It is then that the response is greatest.

Another very interesting set of sounds comes from the rustling of the leaves. We can best understand how the leaves are set swaying by studying the fall of pieces of paper to the ground; they make their own wind as they fall. A perfectly flat piece of paper, say, two or three inches by one inch, turns over and over while falling as if it were running down the under side of an inclined plane (Fig. 13 A). The fact is that paper can slip sideways so easily that if it has any slope to the horizontal it starts gliding down hill; but the forepart runs on to air which has not begun to fall, while the hinder edge comes on to air which has already given way. So the paper is cocked up and is soon running up hill. It turns right over, that which was the following edge becomes the leading edge, and so the motion goes on. The “bull-roarer” (Fig. 16) of the Australian black-fellow does the same thing as it is whirled through the air (Fig. 15). It twists up the string till it will twist no more; the motion is then reversed. The revolution is rapid enough to give a low note, and the successive series of twists cause a succession of boo-ing noises which terrify the women and children, who believe that they hear the voice of a spirit and who are never allowed to look behind the scenes.



FIG. 4.—A BEETLE WITH FILES—(A) ON ITS BODY; (B) ON ITS LEG—WHICH, RUBBED TOGETHER, PRODUCE SOUND.



FIG. 6.—A “DEATH WATCH” PREPARING TO RAP WITH ITS HEAD.

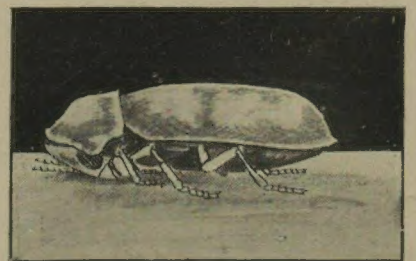
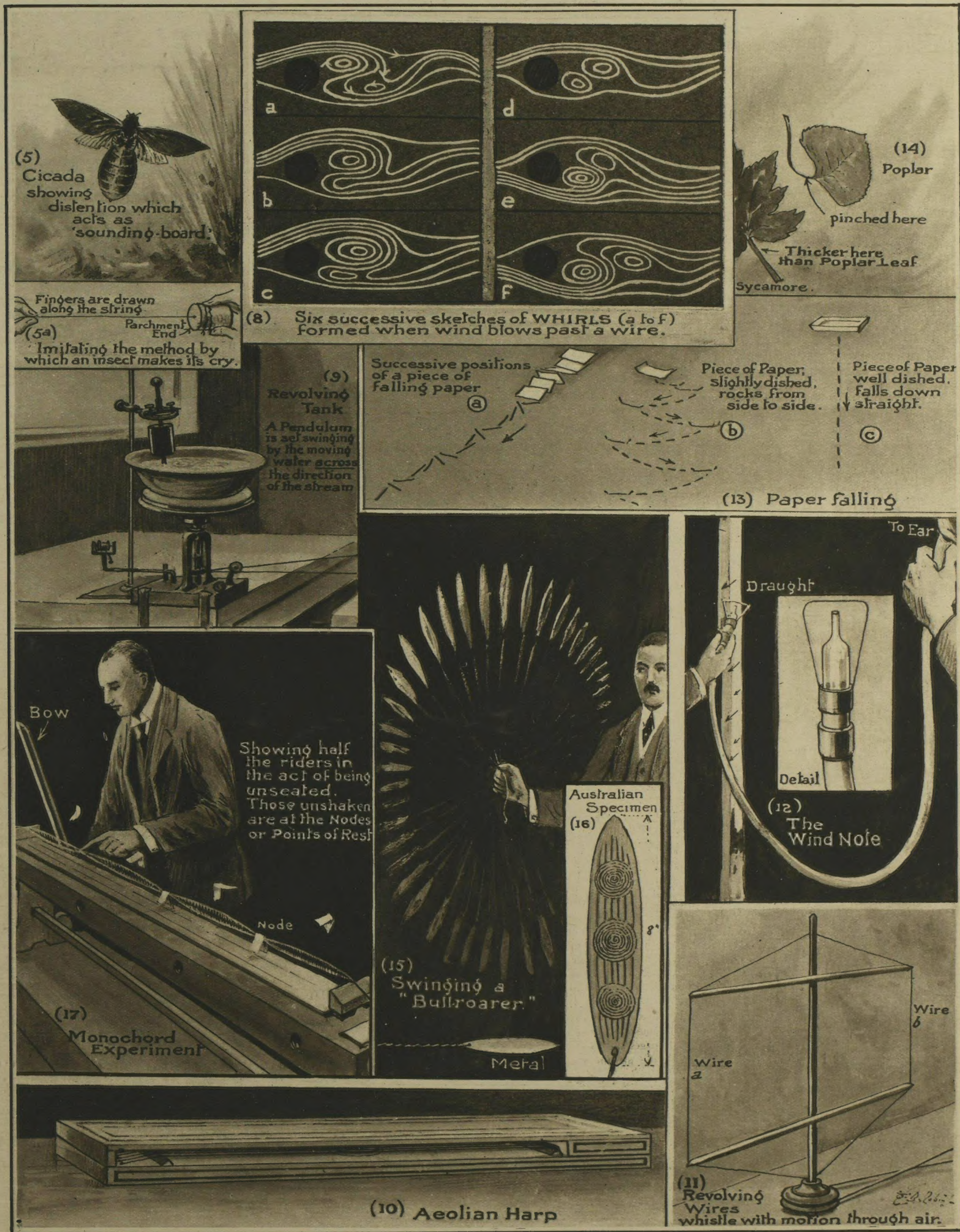


FIG. 7.—A “DEATH WATCH”—THE MOMENT OF IMPACT.

THE WORLD OF SOUND: INSECTS; WIND; LEAVES; BULL-ROARERS.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR W. H. BRAGG, C.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S., IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS RECENT LECTURES.



IV.—COUNTRY SOUNDS: THE GRASSHOPPER'S TAMBOURINE; THE CRICKET'S BOW; THE DEATH WATCH; A BEETLE'S FILES.

In continuation of his article on the opposite page (abridged from his fourth lecture at the Royal Institution), Professor Bragg writes: "When a piece of paper is nearly but not quite flat it sways from side to side as it falls (Fig. 13b). If its edges are well turned up, it falls quite straight without any swaying (Fig. 13c). A leaf cannot turn right round when the wind is blowing, as the flat piece of paper does, because it would have to twist up its stalk in order to do so; nor will it sway, for the same reason, as much as a piece of paper which is nearly flat, or as it would do itself if it fell from the

tree to the ground. But it does sway; it is the gentle rubbing of the swaying leaves on one another which causes the rustling of the trees. Of all trees we know best the poplar tree rustles most; if we look at the leaf stem we see the reason; the stem is pinched nearly flat (Fig. 14), so that it can be very easily twisted. The rustling of the trees is soft when the leaves are young, so Mr. Wilkinson tells us—but hardens as the leaves dry and stiffen with the advancing year."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CONSTANTINOPLE TO REMAIN TURKISH: THE CITY'S ARCHITECTURAL GEM.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, SUPPLIED BY G.P.A.



FORMERLY A CHRISTIAN CHURCH, BUT SINCE 1453 A MOSLEM MOSQUE: THE INTERIOR OF S. SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was announced on February 16 that the Supreme Council of the Allies, at their meeting at Downing Street, had decided 'to allow the Sultan of Turkey and the Turkish Administration to remain at Constantinople—a decision reversing the previously declared British policy. The French Premier, M. Millerand, who attended the Conference, was reported to have said in an interview on the same date: "We have now discussed the general principles of the Turkish Treaty. We have reached an agreement, and are in

perfect accord concerning the fate of the Sultan and Constantinople. We have decided to maintain the sovereignty of the Sultan in Constantinople, but it is distinctly understood that the freedom of the Straits will be established. It may be said that the Sultan will probably be allowed to keep little or no army in Constantinople." S. Sophia was begun by Constantine, who erected the city in 330 A.D. on the site of ancient Byzantium. The church was rebuilt in 415 by Theodosius, and again in 538-68 by Justinian.

"NO STONE . . . MAY BE TAKEN AWAY": THE SACRED SOIL OF YPRES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EXCELSIOR



"THIS IS HOLY GROUND": THE ELEVENTH CENTURY BASE OF THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES (THE ONLY PORTION LEFT INTACT); WITH A BELGIAN SENTRY ON GUARD.

Beside the wreckage of the famous Cloth Hall and Cathedral at Ypres is a placard with the words: "This is Holy Ground. No stone of this fabric may be taken away. It is a heritage for all civilised peoples. By order, Town Major, Ypres." A wire fence surrounds the tumbled masonry, and a Belgian sentry is always on guard. The whole town is in ruins, and a Labour Battalion is still engaged on exhumation duty, recovering about 100 bodies a day. There has been a difference of opinion as to the future of Ypres, which has been described as "a vast British sepulchre." Some consider that

the whole place should be left in its ruined state as a war memorial, and the town rebuilt on an adjacent site. It is objected, however, that owing to the nature of the soil, the present site is the only possible one, having been carefully drained and prepared in the past; also that the re-erection of the town elsewhere would cause difficulty with neighbouring communes. Meanwhile, the proposal that the remains of the Cloth Hall and Cathedral should be left as a memorial of British heroism is regarded very sympathetically by Belgian opinion.



THE VITAL POINT IN AERIAL POSTS.

By C. G. GREY,

Editor of "The Aeroplane."

WHEN our old-established learned societies begin to take civil aviation seriously, it may be taken as evidence that civil aviation is passing out of the circus and round-about stage and is coming into the region of practical commercial propositions. The meeting of the Royal Geographical Society recently, at which Sir Frederick Sykes, Controller-General of Civil Aviation, lectured on the Air Routes of the World, was particularly notable in this respect, for on few occasions can even that distinguished body have gathered together such a notable company of guests. First and foremost, of course, was his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, whose practical experience of aeroplanes as a means of conveyance during the war has made him a firm believer in the present value of aircraft. Lord Haig, always a supporter of the Flying Services in war, was there to express his equal belief in aircraft for peace. Mr. Winston Churchill, officially concerned in his dual capacity as Minister for War and Minister for Air, was emphatic in his advocacy of aeroplanes for peaceful purposes. Colonel Amery, acting Colonial Secretary in the absence of Lord Milner, likewise made his public confession of faith in aerial communication with our far-flung Empire. All were convincing, but perhaps the few words of the Prince of Wales were the most convincing of all. When the Heir to the Throne states publicly that he wishes he could visit the furthest parts of the British Dominions by air, instead of by the older and slower methods of transport, and when he makes such a statement in the light of personal experience—having flown over the greater part of the war area in France during the war—surely there is little more proof needed of the future of civil aviation. It only remains to put our air routes into working order.

We have the men and we have the machines to do the work. All that is lacking are the first steps towards organising these air routes. And these first steps are being delayed by a division of opinion as to how they should be taken. There are those who believe that the air routes, including the various stations thereon, should be organised and equipped entirely at the expense of the British Government, just as the British Government builds and equips coaling stations for our Fleet, which stations are also available for merchant ships. Others believe that the firms who propose to run air lines should lay out and equip their own aerodromes along the routes, much as a steamship line may have its own wharves and warehouses in foreign harbours. Others, again, say that the various towns and cities along the routes should own the aerodromes and sheds, and should maintain them out of the landing fees and sale of petrol, oil, and other material to visiting aircraft. Probably all are right, and all will come to pass in time.

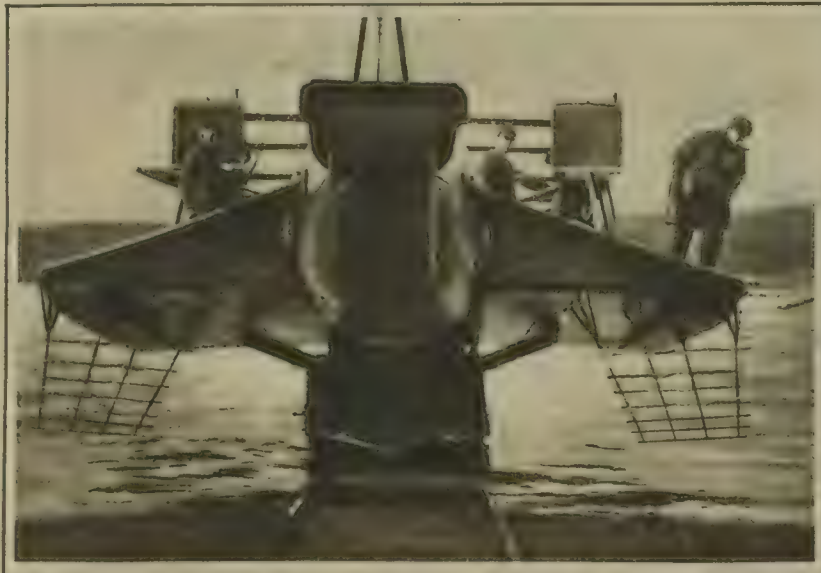
When the big main routes are organised and aerodromes have been prepared, it may be worth while for individual firms to rent a piece of ground from the

Government and erect their own sheds and repair-shops thereon. It may then be further worth while for these firms to lay out aerodromes of their own at places off the main lines, so as to establish branch lines. Or, similarly, it may be still better worth the while of towns off the main lines to organise aerodromes so as to tempt firms to run branch services to their towns. Or, again, branch lines may be established by co-operation between the towns and the operating aircraft firms. These are questions which will settle themselves automatically when the main lines are operating. But the great matter is to get the main lines to work first of all. And here it is quite clear that public opinion is not so far advanced as to subscribe to any firm or series of firms

subsidies to firms, but to favour that pet aversion of trade unions, "payment by results." He seemed to be in favour of the British, the South African, the Indian, and the Australian Governments each being responsible for laying out and organising its own section of the air lines, and only subsidising the aeroplane operating firms to the extent of guaranteeing them so much payment for cargo space in which the Governments concerned might or might not send letters.

This, as a matter of fact, appeals to one personally as the best method of all. It is already in use in subsidising mail steamship lines, which could not run at present speeds without some such help. The Government (of one country or another) guarantees to pay so much per trip for cargo space, whether that space is fully occupied by mails or not. If it is all occupied, well and good. If it is not, the firm is paid for it just the same, and then it has so much more space in which to carry goods, and so may make a little extra profit. Such an arrangement would suit the aeroplane operating firms admirably. They would be assured of their running expenses, and would depend on their own energy for profits. But if aerial mails are to be a success, the various Governments must not overcharge the public for aerial letters.

One has been assured by firms which are now operating between London and Paris that, if they could be assured of full loads of letters on every trip, they could carry them at an excess charge of 1½d. per letter above the existing rate. The Post Office, however, insists on charging an excess rate of 2s. 6d. per letter, and even at that does not give express delivery or collection. Thus one knows of cases in which a letter has gone from London to Paris in two hours or less, and has been twenty-four hours in the process of delivery from the Paris aerodrome to the recipient. The result was that it gained nothing on the ordinary boat and rail service. Even if one could post a letter in London late at night and be assured of its delivery in Paris by 4 p.m. next day, there are few who would pay 2s. 6d. for the privilege. But if we could have the advantage of an aerial post and express delivery for 4d., or even 6d., most of us would send our letters to France by air post. It is practically certain that, if our Post Office would reduce the total inclusive fee to 6d., not only would the machines now employed on the London-Paris service carry full loads every trip, but there would be an immediate need for many more machines to be put into use. This point must be borne in mind by those who are about to organise the big air lines to the East and to the Antipodes. Nobody is going to pay £5 to send a letter to India, which would be about the equivalent of the 2s. 6d. fee to Paris. But thousands would pay 5s., which is the equivalent of the 1½d. fee which ought to be charged to Paris. If due attention is paid to this vital point, then our air lines will be successful from the outset and practically independent of any Government subsidies.



SHOWING THE SLIGHT DIHEDRAL ANGLE OF THE MAIN HYDROFOIL SETS: DR. GRAHAM BELL'S "H.D.4" COMING OUT OF HER "CRADLE."

Photograph by W. W. Nutting; by Courtesy of "Motorboat."

the millions of pounds which would be necessary to establish a series of adequately equipped aerodromes all along a series of air routes such as from London to India, India to Australia, London to the Cape, and Calcutta to Hong Kong. Therefore, it seems evident that the chief aerodromes along these routes must be established by the Government, without asking the public to subscribe directly for the purpose.

Even when a workable chain of aerodromes exists, as they do already from London to India and from London to Cape Town, there is still the question as to how the operating aircraft firms are to carry on their operations. At the R.G.S. meeting Sir Frederick Sykes gave one the impression that he rather favoured direct subsidies, such as we pay to certain steamship lines and to owners of motor-buses and lorries, so as to have their machines available in time of war. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond—who, as one of the first officers to fly to India, and as the G.O.C. R.F.C. and R.A.F. in the Near and Middle East practically throughout the war, is particularly well qualified to discuss these air routes—appeared to be against direct

drome to the recipient. The result was that it gained nothing on the ordinary boat and rail service. Even if one could post a letter in London late at night and be assured of its delivery in Paris by 4 p.m. next day, there are few who would pay 2s. 6d. for the privilege. But if we could have the advantage of an aerial post and express delivery for 4d., or even 6d., most of us would send our letters to France by air post. It is practically certain that, if our Post Office would reduce the total inclusive fee to 6d., not only would the machines now employed on the London-Paris service carry full loads every trip, but there would be an immediate need for many more machines to be put into use. This point must be borne in mind by those who are about to organise the big air lines to the East and to the Antipodes. Nobody is going to pay £5 to send a letter to India, which would be about the equivalent of the 2s. 6d. fee to Paris. But thousands would pay 5s., which is the equivalent of the 1½d. fee which ought to be charged to Paris. If due attention is paid to this vital point, then our air lines will be successful from the outset and practically independent of any Government subsidies.



UNDER WAY: THE "H.D.4"—DR. GRAHAM BELL'S NEW EXPERIMENTAL HYDROPLANE CRAFT WHICH HAS DONE OVER SEVENTY MILES PER HOUR.

Photograph by G. H. Grosvenor.

WITH HULL ABOVE WATER: A NEW TYPE OF FAST MOTOR-CRAFT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WASHBURN NUTTING (BY COURTESY OF "MOTORBOAT") AND GILBERT H. GROSVENOR.



"A TORPEDO-SHAPED AFFAIR 60 FEET IN LENGTH, WITH TWO OUTRIGGER-HULLS": "H.D.4"—SHOWING THE PREVENTER SET OF HYDROFOILS BEING LIFTED TO AVOID DAMAGE WHEN SHE IS HAILED OUT.

The "H.D.4," invented by Dr. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, and Mr. F. W. Baldwin, at Dr. Bell's laboratory at Beinn Breagh, near Baddeck, Nova Scotia, is a wonderful new type of fast motor craft which probably has a great future before it both for sport and more serious purposes. A full description of the craft, by Mr. William Washburn Nutting, with photographs by him, appeared in a recent number of "Motorboat" (Chicago and New York). "The 'H.D.4,'" he writes, "is not a hydroplane in the usual sense.

"THE FASTER THE CRAFT TRAVELS, THE MORE THE PLANES RISE OUT OF THE WATER": THE "H.D.4" IN MOTION—(INSET) "NOT A FUTURIST MASTERPIECE, BUT A VIEW OVER THE SIDE AT 60 KNOTS."

It is the successful development of the idea of lifting the hull clear of the water by a system of submerged planes. . . . The deck supports the two Liberty motors (350 h.p.). . . . The hull would accommodate a score of people." When we illustrated the "H.D.4" on December 27 last, we were supplied with insufficient data, and one photograph was incorrectly described as showing her going at full speed (70 m.p.h.), whereas it really showed her at rest, nor is it claimed that she can do 70 m.p.h. "on the roughest water."

SATIRE IN PORCELAIN: EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MASTER-WORK NOW AMONG THE NATION'S CERAMIC TREASURES.

CAMERA-PORTRAITS BY E. O. HOPPE, SPECIALIST TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



MODELLED BY JOHANN PETER MELCHIOR ABOUT 1775: A CHINESE DANCER WITH CYMBALS.



MODELLED BY KAENDLER FROM A PAINTING BY CHARDIN ENGRAVED IN 1747: "THE AMUSEMENTS OF PRIVATE LIFE."



ADAPTED FROM CHARDIN'S PAINTING "L'ÉCONOME" ENGRAVED IN 1754: "THE ECONOMIST," MODELLED BY KAENDLER.



AN EXAMPLE OF MEISSEN PORCELAIN BY KAENDLER AND HIS PUPILS (1730-1750): "THE MERRY TAILOR ON A GOAT."



ANOTHER SPECIMEN FROM THE ROYAL SAXON PORCELAIN FACTORY AT MEISSEN, UNDER KAENDLER: "THE LOVERS."



ONE OF THE HUNDRED PIECES OF MEISSEN PORCELAIN BEQUEATHED TO THE MUSEUM BY MISS FLORENCE AUGUSTA BEARE: "THE CAKE-SELLER."



"WHEN PROSERPINE GATHERING FLOWERS BY GLOOMY DIS WAS GATHERED": "THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE," MODELLED BY KAENDLER IN 1750.



"ROGUES IN PORCELAIN"—CHILDREN APING THE MANNERS OF THEIR ELDERS: "A LADY AT HER TOILETTE," BY KAENDLER.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has recently been enriched in the department of ceramics by an important and interesting bequest of eighteenth-century porcelain, the gift of the late Miss Florence Augusta Beare, in memory of Mr. Arthur Doreton Clarke. The collection consists of a hundred pieces, most of which were made at the Royal Saxon porcelain factory at Meissen. Johann Joachim Kaendler, who was the head of the factory, is regarded as the father of the art of porcelain figure-modelling in Europe. He was primarily a sculptor, and he originated the idea of representing in porcelain, on a miniature scale, typical characters and scenes from the daily life of his time. Occasionally also he chose a subject from classical

legend. A strong element of satire in his work saves it from the sentimentality too often found in that of his imitators. His influence made itself felt far beyond his native town, and affected both French and English work. Social life at an eighteenth-century German Court is illustrated by his numerous figures of children aping the manners of their elders, as in the above group, "A lady at her toilette." Besides the Meissen figures, the bequest contains porcelain from Vienna, Frankenthal, Ludwigsburg, and Höchst. The Chinese dancer with cymbals, modelled by J. P. Melchior, is from the last-named factory.

ART IN THE MARKET.

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THERE have been ages when for the possession of a manuscript some would transfer an estate, or leave in pawn for its loan hundreds of golden crowns," says D'Israeli.

When such a collection of illuminated manuscripts as that of Mr. Henry Yates Thompson comes into the market, one realises that an important dispersal is about to take place. What one patient collector has lovingly gathered together goes to enrich the cabinets of others. There are examples in this second portion of the same collection (the first was sold by Messrs. Sotheby on June 3rd last) which compel attention.

Apart from their artistic quality, they make an appeal by reason of their former owners. Take, for example, the "Life and Miracles of St. Cuthbert," by the Venerable Bede, written in the twelfth century at Durham. There is a record that it was borrowed by Richard le Scrope from the Cathedral Library, but, alas! he forgot to return it—a sad failing in an Archbishop. As, however, he was beheaded in 1405, that must be offered as his excuse. The manuscript volume was not heard of till it was sold at Sotheby's at the Sir John Lawson sale for £1500. Another manuscript has an ancient lineage—the works of Cassiodorus and Seneca. Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Queen Elizabeth, acquired, among other spoils of the Reformation, the Manor of Redgrave in Suffolk, of which his father had been "sheep-reeve." Here he built a mansion, which was at the end of the seventeenth century purchased by Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice, by whose descendants this manuscript was sold at Sotheby's in 1910.

The "Carrow Psalter," one of the earliest of the East Anglian manuscripts in the collection, belongs to the middle of the thirteenth century. Carrow Abbey was a Benedictine house, with a prioress and nine nuns, near the South Gate of Norwich. Among the plates there is one representing the murder of Thomas à Becket by the knight Fitzurse. Another interesting plate, which may be termed the Beatification of Labour, shows an angel with arm stretched down "from the gold bar of Heaven," giving Adam a spade shod with iron and Eve a distaff. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground: for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

This pictorial representation was carried on. It showed the beginning of things and the dignity of labour. Monks patiently copied or reproduced similar illuminated pictures of Adam and Eve. Although the written word has nothing concerning the spade and the distaff, the artist symbolised man's expulsion from Paradise, and the idea became firmly rooted. A hundred years later, at the Peasant Revolt inspired by John Ball, "the mad priest of Kent," the followers of Wat Tyler chanted the labour song of the serfs demanding freedom: "When Adam dived and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" When they entered London from the south, burning the records of manor-courts on the way and lighting up the city with the fire of the new inn of the lawyers at the Temple and John of Gaunt's palace at the Savoy, they claimed to be villeins no longer. They seized the terrified knights of the royal household by the beard and promised to be their equals and good comrades. Who knows what painted manuscript of Adam and Eve, daintily pricked out in colours and lavish in gold, lit up the mind of John Ball when he preached: "they have wine and spices and fine bread; we eat-cake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labour, the rain and the wind in the fields?"

There are two volumes, "Speculum Historiale," with a hidden history. There were once three, and they are included in the catalogue of the library of the Duc de Berri in 1402. They appear in the library of Philippe le Bon in 1467, and then they disappear. Early in the nineteenth century Volume I. turned up in the library of a Dutch collector, only to disappear again until sold at Sotheby's in 1906. Volume II. was lost for four hundred and thirty years until it came to light at the Ashburnham sale in 1897. Volume III. has a tragic history. It contained fifty-five miniatures, and "has been mutilated by some demon" (to quote Mr. Henry Yates Thompson). Seven illustrations have disappeared altogether. Here is a piece of secret history: "the remaining forty-eight were found lying about in the British Museum many years ago and are now carefully pasted in an album." Such are the triumphs of collectors: to bring together the scattered jewels of past scholarship and art, to piece together fragments and "momentarily check the hand of Time."

plate, "The Crucifixion," is written faintly "Elizabeth ye Quene," and on another page is written "Edwardus Dux Bukyngham." This is the Duke of Buckingham who was the cousin of Elizabeth and was beheaded in 1521. There is, too, a tradition that this same volume belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. A volume with such a record, apart from the fact that it was once in the collection of that famous bibliophile the Earl of Ashburnham, has a hall mark put upon it that is indisputable. The fine artistry of the paintings is a noticeable feature. The colours are varieties of red and blue, heightened with white, and the gilding is profuse. Altogether, the manuscript is a work of the highest artistic excellence, although produced in times that were disturbed by serious civil commotion. A plate of the Last Supper,

with Christ and the twelve Apostles seated round a table, has a figure of Judas, who is shown in the act of concealing a silver cup under the tablecloth.

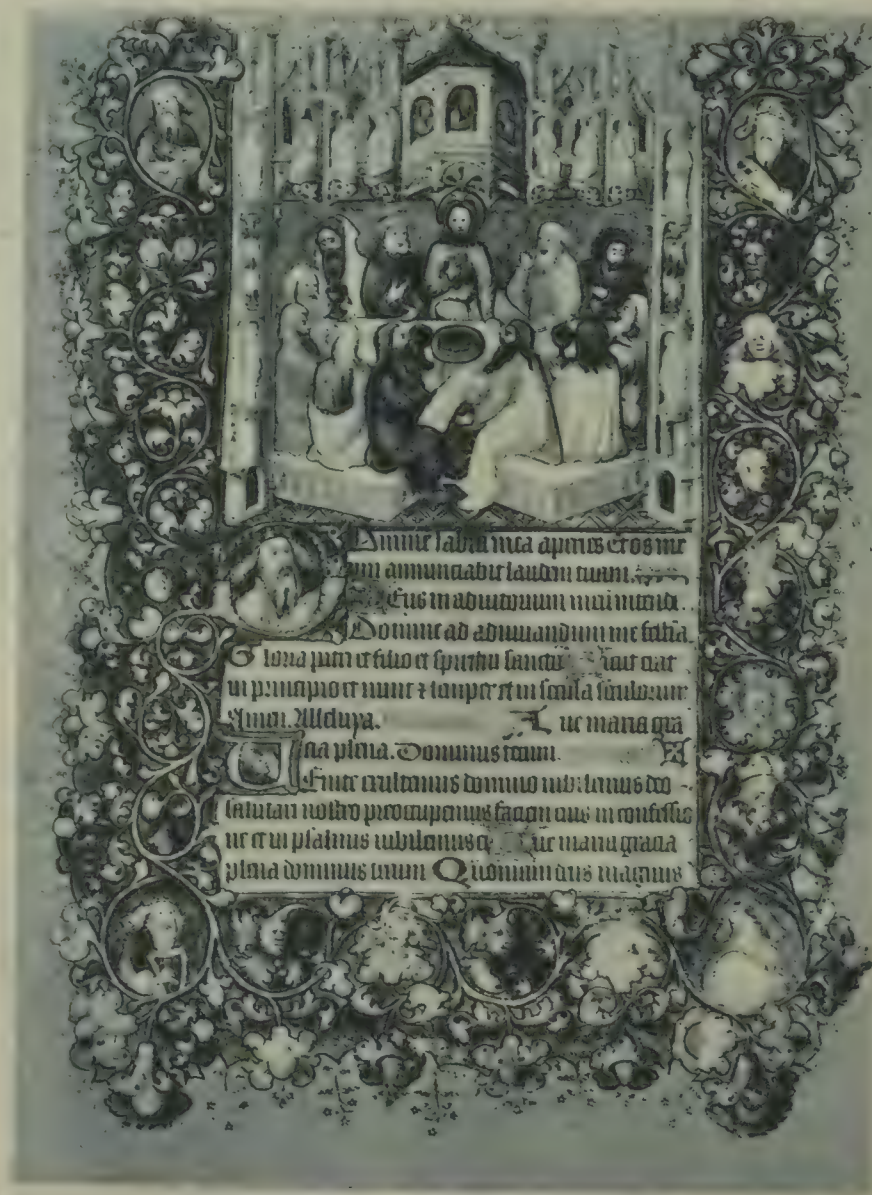
It is always an event in the world of art when any of Turner's water-colour drawings come under the hammer. At Christie's, recently, at the Fairfax Murray sale, the "Vale of Ashburnham, Sussex," fetched 1800 guineas. This drawing has a history. It was one of thirteen done by Turner for his patron, John Fuller, Esq., M.P., of Rose Hill, Sussex, and from him it passed to Sir A. F. Acland-Hood, Bt. In 1907 these thirteen drawings were put up for auction, including the present one now sold, which then fetched 420 guineas. The average price of the thirteen did not reach more than £500—half, and in some cases a third, of what they would have realised had they been properly taken care of. Turner's pigments were notoriously fugitive. At the National Gallery little blinds screen the light from these fading dreams. Many of the thirteen had careless and vandal usage, and, in addition to their faded condition, some were spotted with damp. The series consisted of "Bodiam Castle," "Hurstmonceux Castle," "Vale of Heathfield," "Vale of Ashburnham" (two views), "Beaufort," near Bexhill, three of "Pevensey," two of "Rose Hill," and two of "Battle Abbey."

The drawing now sold was engraved in aquatint by J. C. Stadler, a German, who practised in London from 1793 to 1812. It is noteworthy in passing to remark that on several occasions—we do not know how many—Turner, who was fond of experimenting, varnished some of his water-colour drawings. Girtin, Varley, and even Gainsborough, had treated several of their drawings similarly. In time the varnish produced a granulated effect on the pigments resembling the appearance of an aquatint. Some years ago Turner's drawing "Fountains Abbey" was actually sold as an aquatint at a well-known

London auction room for five pounds!

The engraver W. B. Cooke engraved in 1820 the "Vale of Ashburnham" for the well-known series "Views of Sussex." In the companion view to the one just sold there is a timber waggon with waggons loading and a team of oxen attached. In the one sold there is a figure of a woman in the foreground and a rainbow beyond the hills in the distance.

Other Turner drawings at the same sale made less sensational prices. "On the Wharfe" brought 800 guineas; "A Lonely Dell in Wharfedale," 500 guineas; and "Richmond, Yorkshire," 420 guineas. A rather thin De Wint drawing of "Lincoln" went for 240 guineas. The late Mr. Fairfax Murray was a pupil of Burne Jones, and himself an artist and well-known collector with unimpeachable taste; hence the interest in the dispersal of the residue of his collection.



FROM A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ILLUMINATED MS. ONCE OWNED BY THE WIFE OF HENRY VII.: THE BOOK OF HOURS OF "ELIZABETH YE QUENE"—A PAGE ILLUSTRATING THE LAST SUPPER.

The Book of Hours of "Elizabeth ye Quene," which dates from 1400 to 1415, is one of the finest lots in the second portion of Mr. H. Yates Thompson's collection, to be sold at Sotheby's on March 23.

From the Illustrated Catalogue of the Sale, by courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

It is on record that Sir Robert Cotton rescued an original "Magna Charta" from being cut into measures by his tailor, and it was placed in the Cottonian Library, with its appendages of seals and signatures. The destroyers of manuscripts have been ruthless and thorough. Others have been capricious in selecting a secret hiding-place, so secret that no one has since discovered it. It was only by a happy chance that the State papers of Thurloe, the secretary of Cromwell, fell out of a false ceiling at Lincoln's Inn, and so are preserved to posterity.

There is a "Book of Hours," in date of the opening years of the fifteenth century, which is called the "Hours of Elizabeth ye Quene," and takes its name from the owner, Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry VII. and daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, who was born in 1465. At the bottom of one

"PRINCESS PAT'S" BABY: HIS FIRST PORTRAIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND HER BABY BY ALEXANDER CORBETT: PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HON. ALEXANDER RAMSEY BY C.N.



LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, CAPTAIN THE HON. ALEXANDER RAMSAY, AND THEIR INFANT SON, WHO IS BE CHRISTENED ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

Lady Patricia Ramsay, younger daughter of the Duke of Connaught, wife of Captain the Hon. Alexander Maule Ramsay, D.S.O., R.N., brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, gave birth to a son on Sunday, December 21. The event was of great interest to the Royal Family, and the Duke of Connaught received congratulations on the birth of his grandson from the King and Queen and other royal relatives. Lady Patricia Ramsay—who is still often referred to as "Princess Pat"—married Captain the Hon. Alexander Maule Ramsay on February 27, 1919, and was the first royal lady for many years to renounce her rank in order to marry a commoner. The match was a very popular one, the young couple

received a record number of presents, and the King proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom at the wedding lunch. "Master Ramsay," who is to be christened on February 23 at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, will, it is stated, receive the names of Alexander Arthur Alphonso Maule—"Alexander" after his father, "Arthur" after his grandfather, "Alphonso" after the King of Spain, and "Maule" because it is a family name of the Earls of Dalhousie. The Prince of Wales is giving his young cousin a handsome two-handled christening cup, and this much-talked-of baby will receive many wonderful gifts from his royal relatives. As our pictures show, "Princess Pat's" baby is a lovely boy.

CATCH THE CRIMINAL YOUNG! A FRENCH "TRIBUNAL POUR ENFANTS."

DRAWINGS BY L. SABATTIER.



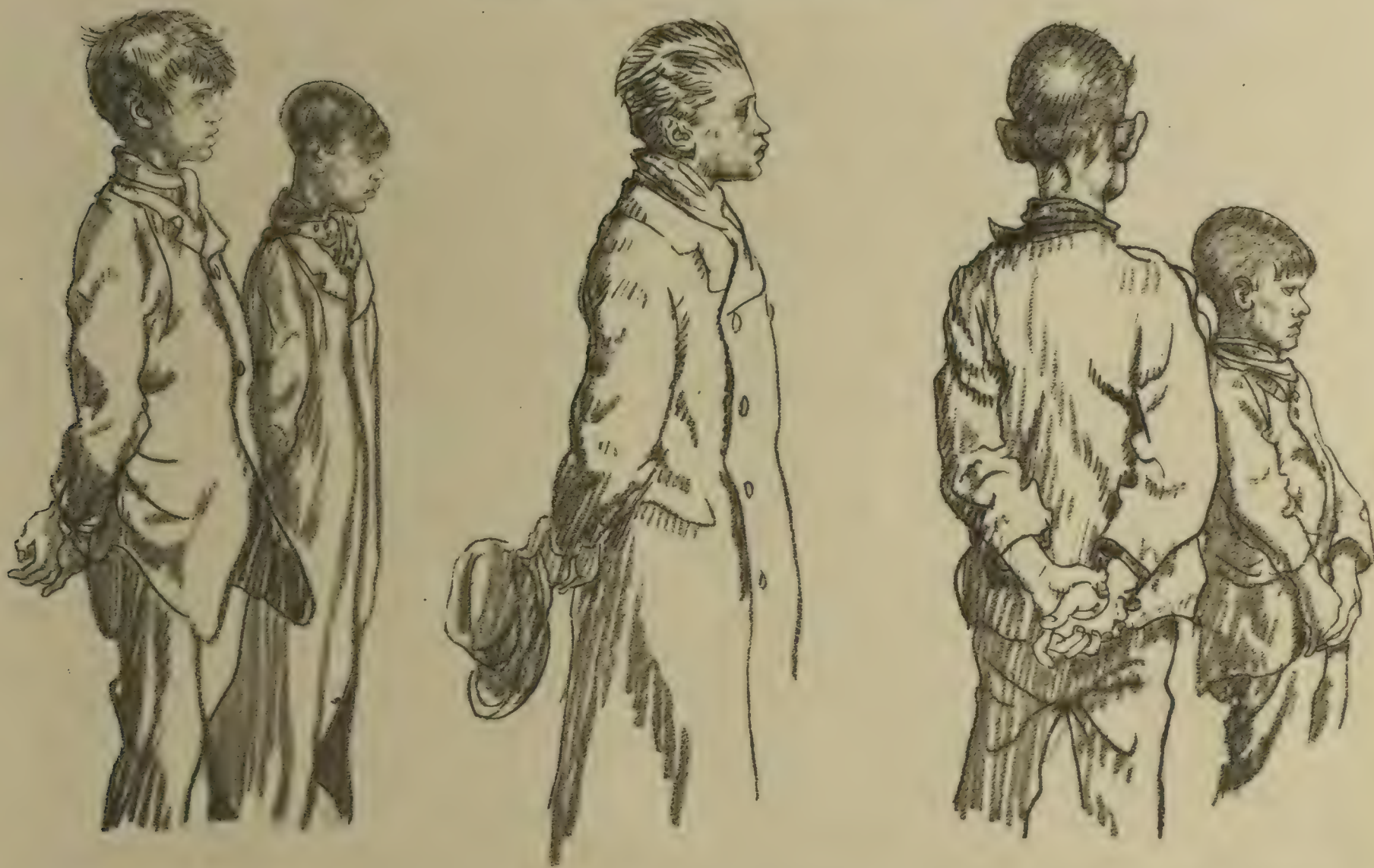
THE CHILDREN'S COURT AS IT IS IN FRANCE: A PARIS "TRIBUNAL POUR ENFANTS"; AND (ABOVE) TYPES OF OFFENDERS—(LEFT TO RIGHT) TWO BOY STATION THIEVES, AND THREE GIRL SHOP-LIFTERS.

It is interesting to compare, on this and the facing page, the French and British methods of procedure in Children's Courts, and types of juvenile prisoners. In an article which accompanied the above drawings in "l'illustration," M. André Arnyveide writes: "There are few sights so painfully pathetic as a sitting of the Tribunal pour Enfants. At a large table on a raised platform sit the judge and his two assessors. Below, at a little table, is the clerk of the court. On the left is the prisoners' box and on the right the seat of the 'ministère public,' and, further along, a box reserved for ladies from philan-

thropic institutions. The sessions are held in private. One of the young culprits has robbed his employer of 1000 francs; another has been a railway station thief. But there are graver charges. The girls are mostly charged with thefts of money or goods—chiefly fripperies from the big shops; some have committed immorality. After questioning each prisoner, and hearing counsel, the President asks, 'Does anyone wish to take charge of this case?' Generally some philanthropist answers 'Yes,' but sometimes the prisoner is sent to a house of correction."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CATCH THE CRIMINAL YOUNG: A BRITISH JUVENILE OFFENDERS' COURT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE CHILDREN'S COURT AS IT IS IN BRITAIN: A LONDON COURT FOR JUVENILE OFFENDERS; AND (ABOVE) TYPES OF YOUNG BOYS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

In London, as in Paris, there are Courts which deal with Juvenile Offenders only, so that young delinquents may not be brought into contact with hardened criminals at the ordinary hearings, but may receive special treatment with a view to reclamation. In the London courts one or two days are set aside for these trials. The majority of offenders are up for petty theft, and so on. Offenders are passed into the court-room, taken charge of by the constable on duty, and accompanied by their parent or parents, who stand

behind them. The first witness is called and sworn—in most cases the constable who has arrested the offender. The Children's Courts that are open are at Westminster and Tower Bridge. Besides dealing with offences, these courts also issue performing licenses for children employed in theatres, and there are often to be seen batches of theatrical children attending the Courts to obtain or renew their licenses. Our illustration shows a young offender in court.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FIRST SITTING OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE COUNCIL MEETING IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.U.



"WE ARE EIGHT INSTEAD OF NINE": (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. CACLAMANOS (GREECE); SENHOR DA CUNHA (BRAZIL); MR. MATSUI (JAPAN); M. LÉON BOURGEOIS (FRANCE); MR. BALFOUR (GREAT BRITAIN); SIR ERIC DRUMMOND (SECRETARY-GENERAL); SENATORE FERRARIS (ITALY); M. PAUL HYMAN (BELGIUM); AND SEÑOR QUIÑONES DE LÉON (SPAIN).

The second meeting of the Council of the League of Nations—the first to be held in this country—took place in the Picture Gallery at St. James's Palace on February 11. The eight delegates, with Sir Eric Drummond as Secretary-General of the League, sat at a big table at the end of the room, beneath the portrait of Henry VIII. Invitations had been sent to 160 guests, including all the Ambassadors and Ministers of the Allied, Associated, and Neutral Powers. The delegates present (in the order of the photograph) were: M. Caclamanos, Greek Minister in London; Senhor Gaspar da Cunha, Brazilian Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary in Paris; Mr. M. K. Matsui, Japanese Ambassador in Paris; M. Léon Bourgeois, President of the French Senate; the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, O.M., M.P., Lord President of the Council (Great Britain); Sir Eric

Drummond, Secretary-General of the League (*ex officio*); Senatore Maggiorino Ferraris (Italy); M. Paul Hymans, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs; and Señor M. Quiñones de León, Spanish Ambassador in Paris. Mr. Balfour opened the proceedings. Alluding to the fact that the United States were not represented, he said: "There is one blot on the assembly, if I may say so, which is that we are eight instead of nine. . . . I am sure that none of my friends in America will think that I am doing wrong in expressing my personal regret that, for the moment at all events, we have not reached our complete number." Certain international questions were allocated to the various delegates, who reported thereon at another meeting of the Council on February 13. Mr. Balfour, who again presided, announced that the next meeting would be held in Rome.

The Mysterious 'Brontosaurus'?—*Orycteropus Erikssoni*

By Dr. C. CHRISTY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

THE accompanying illustration of *Orycteropus erikssoni* (Lonnberg) is from a photograph given to me in 1912, in the Ubangi region of the Congo, by the officer in the Belgian service after whom the extraordinary beast is named. At first sight it seems not unlikely that it might represent the "Brontosaurus" as conceived by a missionary practical joker, and reported recently in the South African papers.

The *Orycteropus* (ant-bear) is peculiar to Africa, and has long been known to the Cape Dutch by the name of "Aard-vark" or earth-pig, but it is very rarely seen by sportsman or traveller owing to its nocturnal habits. Eriksson's, discovered in 1905, is much the largest of several known species. As far as my observations go, it is only to be found in the forested parts of the Ubangi, Uele, and the Ituri regions of Central Africa, and even there it is far from common, being known only to the natives quite locally. It is a heavy, broad, unwieldy-looking animal, and becomes extremely fat. Its flesh is excellent food, and salted and smoked makes quite good pork. The thick powerful tail, almost devoid of hairs, is used as a third leg when the forefeet are off the ground, much in the same way as is that of the kangaroo and wallaby. Its pig-like ears are far shorter than those of the smaller and better-known South African species. The example shown in the illustration was a little under seven feet in total length from snout to tip of tail. The largest I have myself seen, the killing of which I describe below, was over eight feet; but at least once in the Ituri forest I came upon tracks very considerably larger, so that the full-grown animal may reach a length of ten feet or more.

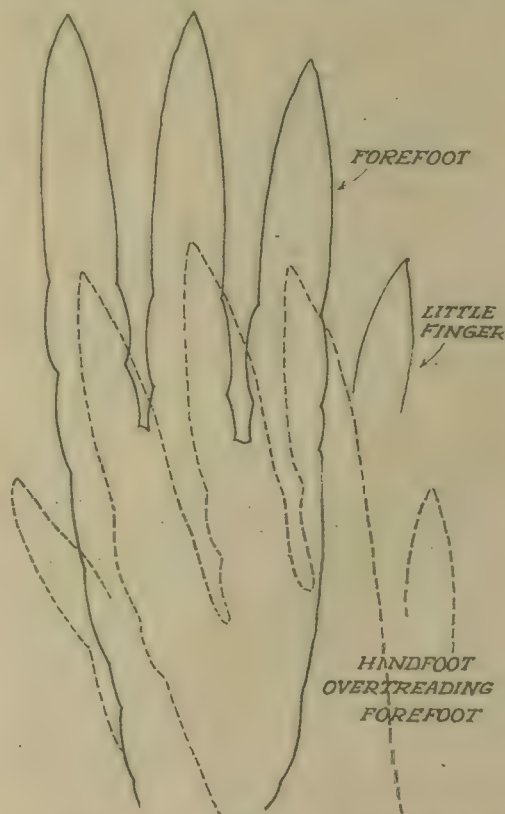
Unlike the other species, its skin, which is the colour of the red earth so widely prevalent over the greater part of Equatorial Africa, is only very scantily covered with short hair. Like all the members of the genus, it possesses, as suggested by the shape of the limbs and feet, astounding powers of rapid digging, and can literally dive into the ground, leaving a burrow down which a native is able to crawl.

In life the attitude of the *Orycteropus* is seldom as shown in the photograph—extended—but more like that of a bear, having its back arched and its four feet closer together. This applies more especially to the Cape species, which, having long ears and being covered with coarse blackish or brown hair, has a distinctly bear-like appearance.

The food of the ant-bear consists mainly of termites or "white ants." On discovering an ant-hill (which may be from five to twenty feet high) the ant-bear at once tunnels into the base of it with his powerful, almost mole-like forefeet, until he is able to reach one of the main galleries. Into this he protrudes his long, flat, fleshy and extensible tongue, which soon becomes covered with attacking millions, and is then withdrawn

with its load of sustenance into his mouth. Once ensconced beneath an anthill, many days may pass before he again returns to the surface to hunt for another one.

The forefeet of the ant-bear have four toes, while the hinder have five. The footmarks of the giant ant-bear discovered by Eriksson, with which I am most familiar, and which is known in the Azande language as the "garawa," show only the imprint of three



"A SOURCE OF MYSTERY TO EUROPEANS AND SUPERSTITION TO THE NATIVES": THE LIZARD-LIKE TRACKS OF THE ORYCTEROPUS—THOSE OF THE FOREFOOT OVERTRODDEN BY THE HINDFOOT.

Photograph supplied by Dr. C. Christy, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

great long and straight hoof-like nails, the print of the fourth and fifth digits and nails only appearing in soft mud. The tracks made by the three great nails (triangular in section) of the forefeet, when not too much over-trodden by those of the hindfeet, have a most peculiar, almost lizard or bird-like appearance. Many times during my wanderings in the Uele and Ituri districts of the Congo I have known these tracks to be a source of mystery to Europeans and superstition to the natives. The sketch, I must point out, is from memory.

The yawning burrows which one sometimes discovers in the depths of the forest, in some bank or beneath the roots of a monster tree, quite unassociated with any anthill, and evidently permanent affairs, are, no doubt, the breeding haunts of these creatures.

Never shall I forget my astonishment on first seeing this "Brontosaurus" in the Ituri forest—after I had been sitting all night on the watch with some natives, who were almost as frightened to remain with me as they were to run away—at the foot of a giant mahogany tree, beneath which it had one of its cavernous burrows. My rifle lay conveniently in reach of my hand, but I trusted, as did each of my three companions, to a long, light, flexible spear. In the early morning moonlight, a moving form suddenly appeared, coming noiselessly along one of the tracks we had been watching, and stopped within a few feet of us. It was the work of an instant, cramped though I was, to jump up and throw my spear, one of the natives sitting near me throwing his at the same time. Both got home, but in the subsequent scrimmage, during which the furious beast turned on its back and fought with its formidable nails, making a noise the while not unlike the spitting of an angry cat, both our spears were broken, and some difficulty was experienced in preventing its reaching the burrow.

My satisfaction at so unexpectedly successful a termination of our long and painful vigil was short-lived. Having heard elephants during the night, I went off to examine their tracks from an ivory point of view as soon as it was light. On returning I was horrified to find that nothing remained of my prize but a few bones. I had shot nothing for two or three days, and, thinking apparently that I had sat up all night in order to get them a supply of meat, my hungry carriers devoured the carcase as soon as it appeared in camp, not leaving me even the skull. I was too exhausted and famished to feel really resentful.

The ant-bear is not to be confused with either the Aard-wolf, a carnivorous animal, like a hyæna, or with the ant-eaters or pangolins. The feet of these latter have long nails or claws adapted for digging, which in the act of walking are folded upon the palms, leaving a track quite unlike that of the "garawa." Amongst the scaly ant-eaters there is also a giant species, some five or six feet in length, inhabiting the Upper Congo regions.

I learn from Mr. Oldfield Thomas, of the British Museum of Natural History, that there is in the National Collection at South Kensington the skull (only) of a large *Orycteropus* which was collected in the Cameroons, and which shows quite specific differences from that of Eriksson's. There is, therefore, in forested West Africa yet another great Aard-vark of whose external appearance we know nothing.



POSSIBLY THE ORIGINAL OF THE HOAX "BRONTOSAURUS" REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SEEN IN AFRICA: AN ANT-BEAR, OR AARD-VARK (*ORYCTEROPUS ERIKSSONI*).

"The example shown was a little over 7 ft. in total length. . . . In life the attitude of the *Orycteropus* is seldom as shown in the photograph—extended, but more like that of a bear, having its back arched and its four feet closer together." The animal is here seen after death.—[Diagram supplied by Dr. C. Christy, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.]

"YI-LOO-PING-AN": THE CHINESE LABOUR CORPS LEAVING FOR CHINA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LE HAVRE, BRYAN DE GRÉNEAU.



"YI-LOO-PING-AN" ("GOOD-BYE AND PEACEFUL TRAVEL"): THE REV. J. WEBSTER, O.C., CHINESE SECTION, BRITISH Y.M.C.A., SAYING FAREWELL TO EACH MAN OF THE CHINESE LABOUR CORPS.



'GOOD-I-LA' ("TRÈS BIEN"): DEMOBILISED CHINAMEN BUYING BREAD AND SAUSAGES, UNDER THE CARE OF Y.M.C.A. OFFICIALS, BEFORE EMBARKING AT LE HAVRE.



INSPECTING "BRACELETS": THE BRITISH REPATRIATION OFFICER CHECKING EACH CHINESE LABOURER'S NUMBER, ENGRAVED ON A BRASS BANGLE CLAMPED TO THE LEFT WRIST.

China was represented in the war in Europe by 150,000 labourers, of whom 100,000 worked with the British forces, being formed into a Corps of 194 Chinese Labour Companies. The first batch arrived in France in 1917. Now that their task is over, they are being demobilised and repatriated to China. The Chinamen proved invaluable in trench-digging, ammunition-dumps, forestry, road-making, and salvage work; they also (a fact not generally known) made thousands of the crosses placed over the graves of British soldiers. The Chinese Labour Corps has its own Roll of Honour, containing a



"GOOD-BYE, PLENTY WORK AND NO PLENTY CHOW-CHOW!" HAPPY CHINAMEN MAKING FOR THE TRANSPORT'S GANGWAY, THEIR TASK IN EUROPE ENDED.

total of 2000 dead. A special Chinese cemetery has been constructed at Noyelles. Every man of the survivors will receive the two British war medals. Their demobilisation is practically complete: 4430 left Havre recently in the S.S. "Bohemian" and "Haverford." These men saw little of Western life, being segregated in barbed-wire camps. There was a human touch, however, in the devoted work of the Chinese Section of the British Y.M.C.A. formed by the well-known Missionary, the Rev. J. Webster, beloved of the Chinese.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IT has always been a joy to me to travel north to the high places of Doric speech, leaving the thin, quavering talk of Cockaigne behind and hearing the vowels of the railwaymen gradually broaden and deepen, and so entering at last a land of Miltonic o's and a's, of diction with the open diapason, of melodious English sweet and slow as honey dripping from the honeycomb. You leave "cikes" behind at Banbury or thereabouts, but it is not until you enter Lancashire or Yorkshire that you come to "ca-akes," and feel sure that you are in the Doric land which stretches right up to the Highland line. And as I thus travel with ears and heart wide open through the far-listening northern countryside, while the great hills that are our help swim into the traveller's ken, I am given to meditating on the strange, strait history of Scottish poetry. There is a tragical touch in that history which can never be sufficiently deplored. It is the *causa causans* of the inadequacy, as compared with what might have been, what ought to have been, of such an anthology as "A ST. ANDREWS TREASURY OF SCOTTISH VERSE" (A. and C. Black; 7s. 6d. net), selected, arranged, and edited by Mrs. Alexander Lawson and Dr. Alexander Lawson, Berry Professor of English Literature in the University of St. Andrews.

The early Scottish poets, among them the gallant King who loved the Lady Joan at first sight—

The fairest or the freshest yong flower
That ever I saw, me thought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate anon astert
The blude of all my body to my hert—

made a fine and fresh beginning of Doric poetry even when Chaucer was still living. They used a form of English (they called it "Ynglis"—*Lingua Scotica* meant to them the Gaelic tongue) which was at least as different from that of Chaucer and his successors as the Greek of Theocritus was from Attic speech. Thus Don Pedro de Ayala, envoy to the Court of James IV., in a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella, dated July 25, 1498, wrote of the King of Scotland: "His own Scottish language is as different from English as Aragonese is from Castilian." According to some authorities, theirs was the purer and stronger form of English, because, at the Norman Conquest, it was brought beyond the Cheviots by Saxon fugitives and so escaped the contaminations introduced by the invaders. For this and other reasons we must not think of the Doric tongue as a "dialect" of classic English—it is, in point of historical fact, a sister language which was developed along its own peculiar lines for at least three centuries. In a very learned work which has just been published—"DOUGLAS'S ÆNEID" (Cambridge University Press; 14s. net) by Lauchlan Maclean Watt, M.A., F.R.S.E., F.S.A. (Scot.)—the differences between the "Doric" and the "Attic" of this island, before it became politically one and indivisible, are discussed with a great wealth of curious and exact learning. Thus we are told how the deepened spirit of nationalism, which came into Scotland after the Wars of Independence, and especially the growing dislike of the "auld enemy" (England, of course), made the people of the Lowlands anxious to claim the word "Scottish" for their language as well as for their folk-name. By the sixteenth century this new custom was established; "English" was a discarded word; and "Irish," used with a savour of depreciation, was applied to the language of the older, indigenous race. In the eighteenth century, however, even when the glorious star of Burns was culminating in the northern firmament and shedding its tender effulgence over the whole wide world, we find critics who should have known better expressing a painful, pitiful fear of

the Doric vernacular. John Pinkerton, for example, protested that his work among the relics of ancient Scottish poetry was not intended to preserve this hale, homely Doric—"None can more sincerely wish the total extinction of the Scottish colloquial dialect than I do." He it was who gave the following list of the

Scots at home and abroad, I wonder, could quote one single line from each of these antique singers and makers? Not many, I fear, for the average Scot thinks that the Doric poetry of his land began with Burns, and I never yet met one who could explain why Sir Walter Scott paid in "Marmion" this tribute to the poet-bishop who wore the third name in Pinkerton's list—

More pleased that in a barbarous age
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

No wonder W. E. Henley once confessed himself aghast at the average Scot's ignorance of his own literature and its long and honourable history.

The elder Scottish poets are none too liberally treated in the "St. Andrews Treasury," four of the seven classics being omitted altogether, Heaven knows why. And I cannot but regard it as a sin of commission, second only to this sin of omission, that poems in the "standard English" have been included. Some of these poems have a touch of the essential Scottish spirit, more especially that sense of kith and kin between various classes of the community which was finally expressed in the famous lines—

The rank is but the guinea stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

The comradeship of classes runs like a golden thread through all the Scottish centuries, and, as the fine lines of a Scottish war-poet who fell in action on the Somme addressed to the fathers of his lost comrades—

You were only their fathers,
I was their officer—

clearly show, it is still strong and unbroken—except, perhaps, on the Clyde and in other regions where revolutionary feeling smoulders sombrely. It is a serious fault, by the way, that none of the best work of the poets who fought in the Great War has been included, though the stirring stuff of Mary Symon and Neil Munro's "Pipes in Arras" have not been omitted. Joseph Lee's "Home-Coming" and Evan Mackintosh's "Cha Till Maccruimein" (Departure of the 4th Camerons) were to be had for the asking. It does strike me forcibly that the compilers of the "St. Andrews Treasury" have been in too much of a hurry, for I know well that there are local deposits of rhyme full of body and perfume all over Scotland, many of which will yield something for the careful anthologist. However, Mrs. Jacob's "Tam i' the Kirk" (a gowden gift indeed!), and "The Whistle," by Charles Murray (he is sailing now on the blue seas to South Africa, and good luck to him all the way!), and other fine things by the same pair have been included, so the collection is well worth the good silver pieces.

I had almost forgotten to say where the tragedy comes along in the history of Doric poetry. It was the treason of Drummond of Hawthornden, who was seduced by the lust of early and easy fame into writing in the genteel language of the South. Had he chosen the patriot's part, he must have been Scotland's most majestic poet, and who knows what disciples he might have found? But he chose to be a minor English poet, and it is because of his treason that the stream of Scottish poetry, between the death of the "Makars" and the dawning of Burns, ran straitly, if entrancingly, as a tiny tuneful burn. It is my hope that it will never be lost altogether in the sands of time, that men and women will always be found to work in the Doric speech, which, at its homeliest, yet has the inspiring sustenance of Athole brose on a cold, misty morning.



FRANCE'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICA'S DEAD:
A MEMORIAL SCROLL.

A copy of this memorial scroll is to be presented to the relatives of all American soldiers who died in France during the war. The inscription below runs: "To the memory of ———, of the United States of America, who died for liberty during the great war. Homage from France. The President of the Republic, R. Poincaré."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

seven poets of Scotland whom he considered to be truly classical: Dunbar, Drummond, Douglas, James I., Barbour, Lyndsay, and Blind Harry. How many



A NEWLY DISCOVERED LITHOGRAPH BY MILLET ON VIEW IN LONDON: "THE POTATO-GATHERERS,"
AT THE SENEFELDER CLUB'S EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition of the Senefelder Club for the advancement of artistic lithography, at the Leicester Galleries, contains this remarkably interesting exhibit, of which the catalogue says: "The discovery of an important drawing on the stone, hitherto unknown and unprinted, by the famous French master, is an important event in the history of Lithography. The stone has been in the possession of the artist's family, and it has been carefully preserved. The trial proof here shown is the first impression of a limited edition of this lithograph which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips."

Photograph by L.N.A.



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AMONG THE "IMMORTALS": MARSHAL FOCH AS A FRENCH ACADEMICIAN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. J. CLAIR-GUYOT, TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "L'ILLUSTRATION" BEFORE THE RECEPTION OF MARSHAL FOCH AT THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE.



A VISITOR TO LONDON TO ATTEND THE ALLIED PRIME MINISTERS' CONFERENCE: MARSHAL FOCH, IN HIS UNIFORM AS A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE, WHERE HE RECENTLY TOOK HIS SEAT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Marshal Foch recently came to London again, this time in company with M. Millerand, the new French Premier, General d'Estrée, and M. François Marsal, the new French Minister of Finance. Their visit was connected with a conference of Allied Premiers, to discuss questions relating to Poland and Syria, and the possibility of a big Inter-Allied Loan. It was reported a few days ago that Marshal Foch would shortly go to Poland. On February 5 he had a great reception at the Académie Française in Paris, on taking

his seat for the first time among the "Immortals." According to custom, he pronounced a eulogy on his predecessor in the seat, the Marquis de Vogüé, author of "Villars d'après sa Correspondance." Appropriately enough, it was a military subject. Marshal Foch was welcomed as a new Academician by M. Poincaré. It may be added that in the photograph he is seen wearing his regulation military sword, not the parade sword as worn by Academicians.

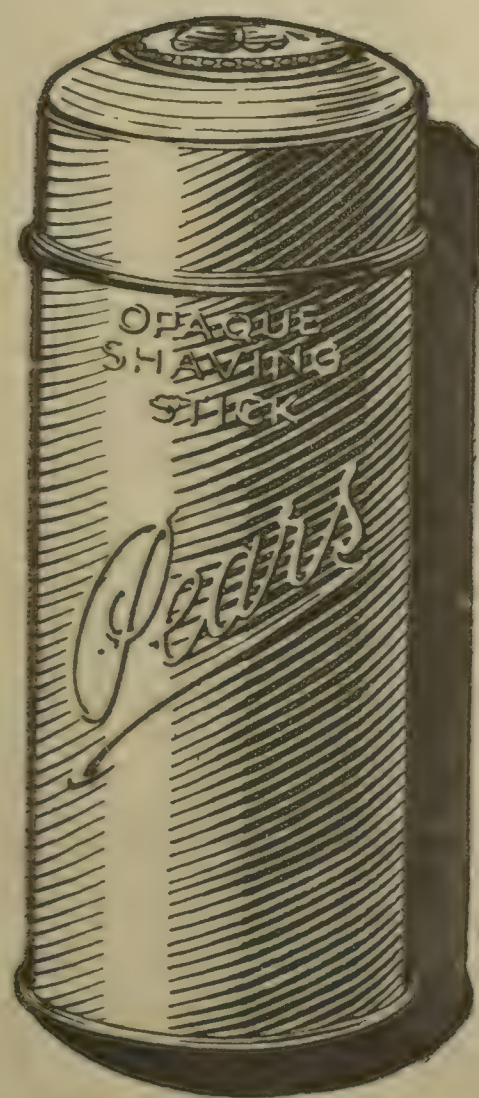
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LADIES' NEWS.

DESPITE our way of belittling big political receptions and regarding attendance thereat as a somewhat boresome duty, one on the evening before the opening of Parliament was greatly missed. It has always been looked upon as an occasion when the prospects for the coming season, political, social, and general, could be discussed. There have been other occasions when it has been missed; this time the reason for its omission is probably the fusion of parties—there is no great hostess for the Coalition as a whole. The men at the full-dress dinners were not to be admired in all their finery by the women when they came on to the reception. I wonder if they missed our admiration? Doubtless there will be big receptions later on. The Marchioness of Londonderry entered the lists early, but that was on the Unionist side.

Almost every woman who was at the opening of Parliament by the King tells me how well, clearly, and musically his Majesty spoke, how well he looked, and what a perfect Prince Charming looked our Prince. Just like a fairy-tale Prince in his robes, they said; happily we know him for the best of Princes in real life. Men, on the other hand, had apparently eyes for no one but the Queen, who looked, they all agreed, magnificent. Princess Mary, they say, was charming, girlish and graceful, and all a Princess should be; but the Queen in gold, with jewelled embroidery, wearing a diamond crown, the riband of the Garter, the Stars of Africa, other splendid diamonds, and her robe of crimson velvet and ermine, was a Queen to be proud of, and so said every man who saw her Majesty, and all the women too—when they had first given their meed of admiration to the King and to the Prince.

We always go into the new modes for the spring head-foremost, consequently new models in millinery are the first to arrive in any quantity. Many beautiful examples may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's salons. One novelty, in itself pretty and stylish, is the use of a particularly brilliant soft straw as if it were thatch. It is not plaited or stranded, just put on like a short thatch bound with ribbon. I have seen it in blue, in garnet red, in moss-green, and in black, and in each there was a decided charm. The trimmings were, as a rule, of contrasting colour in one of the new ribbons, and the effect was excellent. Hats seem to be more of medium size: there are small ones of the Indian turban order in folded brocade, there are large ones of picture character, but



A TWO-MATERIAL DRESS.

She decided on yellow-and-white stripes to emphasise her slimness, but then could not resist the latest silhouette, so added yellow tulle, which gives a very diaphanous effect.

by far the greater number are medium sized and the shapes rather high with small brims. Lace hats will find favour later on. When feathers, ostrich, paradise or osprey, are used, they usually rake out to one side towards the back. Effects of this kind, to be successful, must be made by skilled hands. Several of those in Marshall's, as we call this great firm for short, were very jaunty and most becoming. For the earlier weeks of spring some lovely things in brocade hats are in readiness. These are of metallic designs on dark colours, and if there is trimming beyond a fancy rosette in jewellery, now more in favour than a buckle, it is often an upstanding feather, stiff and like a hackle in a busby.

Is the wired-out flounce of ethereal fabric to obtain the favour prophesied for it? It is, if not first, certainly second or third cousin to the crinoline, and in the crowded state of our capital there would seem to be little room for it. I admired it greatly as shown in the frocks of the Countess of Kilmorey's little bridesmaids. There was no exaggeration, and the light, rather lamp-shade effect was in harmony with the light and airy figures of the little wearers. How grown-up girls and older women will look wired out is another matter. They will certainly not look immaculate on emerging from a 'bus or a railway-carriage, or even a small motor-car. Once the wiring is the least bit off the circular, the effect is grotesque. Lace is to be a feature of fashion this year, and the lace workers of Belgium and France, also our own English lace-makers, have been busy with beautiful new designs to good purpose. Imitation being the most commercially successful form of flattery, there are wonderful examples of it in lace which will be used freely in dress-making.

Now that the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary are in town there are a great many dinner-dances being given by those who have the honour of entertaining their Royal Highnesses. This form is preferred to dances and suppers by the young people of to-day. It must be far better for that important Minister of the Interior, Mr. Digestion. Also it admits of an hour, or perhaps two hours, earlier to bed. The dinners start at 8.30, and dancing is in full swing by 10 p.m. A very light buffet supper at 12, and about 1 a.m. everyone departing, is the rule of the dinner-dance. They are not large affairs, at all events when Royalty is present. That given by Lord and Lady Wolverton for their elder daughter, the Hon. Marion Glyn, was a model of those frequently taking place. There are about fifty for dinner and a hundred or so come in after.

A. E. L.

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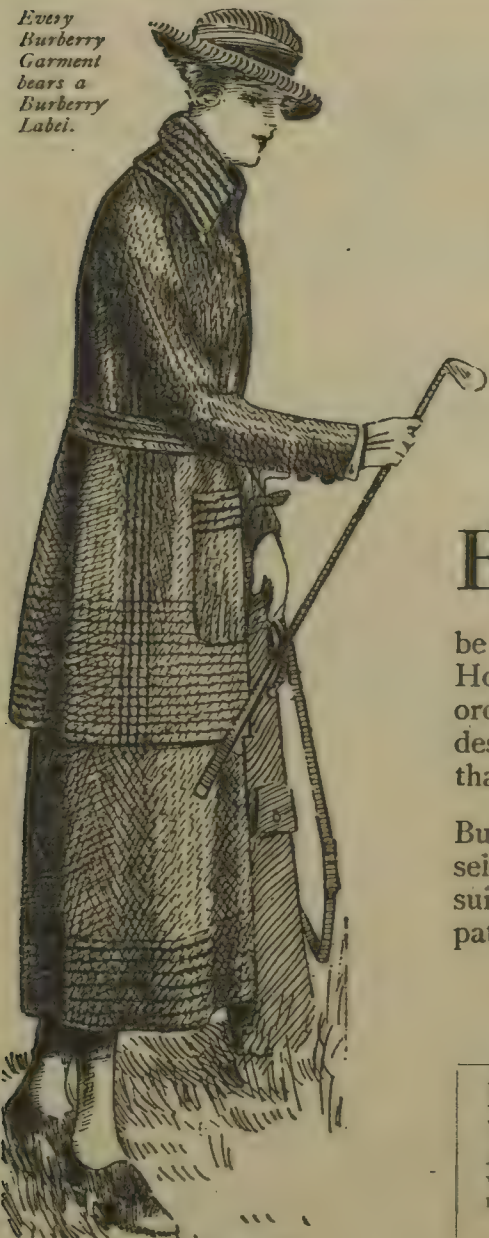


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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE NEW OTHELLO AND IAGO, AT THE NEW.

IN notices of Shakespearian impersonations of the past we find missing only too often records of the business with which actors interpret their parts, and their handling of particular scenes and speeches. Let us see if for once, in respect of the latest Mr. Matheson Lang's production of "Othello," the purely descriptive method of reviewing may not serve a more useful purpose than the critical or argumentative. We will begin, for reasons which may ultimately become apparent with the new Iago. Mr. Bourchier's Ancient, on his first entry, is to be seen catching flies and pulling them to pieces with the greatest gusto. He is full of chuckles, this artist who makes sport with human passions, as he explains his game to his audience, and nearly every one of his soliloquies is rounded off by him with peals of laughter. His villainies are to him the richest joke, out of which he insists on extracting the last ounce of amusement. He kicks the unconscious Othello; he makes sure with an extra sword-thrust of the death of Roderigo. He leads on the Moor, after their eaves-dropping in the Bianca scenes, with all the proud self-satisfaction of a stage manager. Mr. Lang's Moor has the air of being rather hustled by such an Iago. The new Othello, lean-faced and almost spare in his thin robes, gives us the poetry and some of the emotion of his lines with careful avoidance of mannerisms, glosses over none of the paroxysms and ugly imaginations of jealousy, storms and rages before he leaps on his tormentor, makes his audience shudder as he hurls at Desdemona the deadliest of insults, gives us realistic manifestations of epilepsy.

What he fails somewhat to suggest in his fine performance is the majesty and sublime ingenuousness and passion of Othello; where he impresses most is in the pathos of the last act, with Iago either absent or dumb. The Desdemona of Miss Hilda Bayley is never a woman of warm passion and too challenging ways, but a childish, a pitifully

Miss Hutin Britton. The scenery is all happily inspired and helps as good a rendering of the tragedy as we are likely to obtain from our contemporary stage.

"PYGMALION," AT THE ALDWYCH

"Pygmalion" and its flower-girl heroine, with whose accent and outlook on life two supposed men of the world so unpardonably but amusingly meddle, have now no surprises for us, and it was therefore interesting to watch how on its revival this play of Bernard Shaw's would fare which may be said to have soared into popularity largely on the strength of a swear-word. As a matter of fact, it never deserved to be associated with and remembered by a piece of profanity, and it proves to have contained more of a story, more of the working out of the influence of character upon character—in a word, more drama and less rhetoric, than some of the most frequently reproduced of its author's works. The professor's experiment makes almost a romantic, and certainly an intriguing, start for the play. Eliza Doolittle, its subject and her father, the "golden dustman," are both of them joyous and genuine creations; and the duel of sex between Eliza and her tutor in phonetics is managed much less artificially and paradoxically than most of Mr. Shaw's violent love-scenes. And, as always

G. B. S. gives scope for admirable acting. Who needs reminding what Mrs. Patrick Campbell's genius makes of Eliza even when she swears? But Mr. Aubrey Smith, in Sir Herbert Tree's old rôle, sinks his urbanity and breeding to present us with the most perfect of bores. Miss Marion Terry retains all her old charm as the spoilt professor's mother, and Mr. Frank Bertram is compellingly comic in all the dustman's scenes.



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childish heroine, at her best in the Willow Song episode. Realism has its way in her death moments; we can see this Desdemona's limbs writhing and straining as she is strangled. Cassio, Roderigo, Bianca are such straight parts that it is enough to say Mr. Murray Carrington, Mr. Hignett, and Miss Betty Belloc respectively play them on straight lines; but it requires a womanly actress to voice the noble anger of Emilia, and such an actress is



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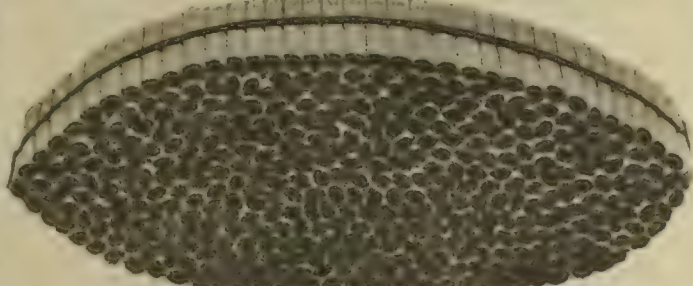
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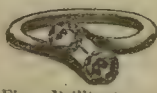
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

POWER BENEATH THE EARTH.

READERS of the daily Press do not need to be told that what the world chiefly lacks at present is a new source of power. Coal, on which England has for a long time depended for her commercial supremacy, is from economic causes becoming daily more difficult to get; oil, which in the pre-war days looked as if it might supplant coal, is still an unknown quantity, while its output is severely restricted by recent events in Central Europe; water-power is only possible (in Europe at any rate) for countries like Switzerland and Norway with many and high waterfalls; the use of solar heat, which at one time looked possible, has dropped out of the problem for monetary reasons. It is little wonder, then, that scientific men are turning their attention to that intra-atomic energy which Dr. Gustave Le Bon showed long ago would solve the problem with such completeness as to put practically unlimited mechanical power within the reach of all. From the calculations he published in 1906, it appeared that the complete "dissociation" or resolution into its final constituents of one gramme of copper would produce enough energy to take a goods train four-and-a-quarter times round the earth. Neither Dr. Gustave Le Bon nor Sir Oliver Lodge, who has lately taken up the matter, can show us, however, how this is to be done; and until they do we must look elsewhere for our new source of power.

Entirely new ground in this respect was broken by Sir Charles Parsons in a paper read by him to the Royal Astronomical Society a few weeks back. While we have explored the farthest corners of the earth's surface, he showed us that we still know very little about its interior.

About one and one-fifth miles is, he told us, the greatest depth yet reached by mining, this being the depth of the Mario Velho mine worked by the St. John del Rey Company of Brazil. There seems no great difficulty in increasing this depth considerably, the sinking proceeding, according to Sir Charles Parsons, at the rate of ten feet

necessary for the excavation of ore; but if, starting from this lowest level, a tube on the principle of the Artesian well were bored, there is no reason why temperatures should not be reached which would raise water to a heat from which it could be easily converted into steam at the pit's mouth. Sir Charles Parsons showed in his paper how the

boring could be cooled during construction, so that the heat could practically be put on or shut off at will. This is one way in which deeper borings than any yet made into the earth could be used as a source of power; but it might very easily be that when made they would put within our reach powers compared with which steam or even electricity would be as feathers. At thirty miles, it has been calculated, granite itself would be liquefied by pressure until it would flow like water, and other less refractory substances would naturally give up their solidity at a much less depth. At any rate, if we could liquefy carbon we should be able to make diamonds, the crystalline form of which shows that the feat has already been accomplished by Nature in some portion of the Earth's interior. Perhaps nearly the same thing may be said about radium, or rather its parent uranium, and if we could manufacture these in any large quantities, many problems would at once be solved.

The result of all this upon the future of the world is literally incalculable. Observers like Dr. Gustave Le Bon think, indeed, that the placing of unlimited mechanical power within the reach of everyone would have the effect of immediately abolishing all class distinctions and of putting rich and poor on an equality. But this is not necessarily the case. What one has to keep in view is that progress in these things is slow if sure, and that in such matters as the levelling up of the standard of comfort it only wants a very little to make a great difference.

F. L.



WATCHING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

The Prince of Wales visited the Headquarters of the London Fire Brigade, in Southwark Bridge Road, the other day, to present medals and certificates. In the course of his speech, he said: "Many of your men served overseas in his Majesty's Forces, and there were many air-raids—25 in all—and 220 fires were caused in London by enemy air-craft."

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

per day. The temperature of the rock which is being bored through rises regularly by one degree Fahrenheit for every 205 feet in depth, so that at the bottom of the mine water would already stand at a temperature of nearly 100 deg. This, of course, means a large and wide shaft such as is

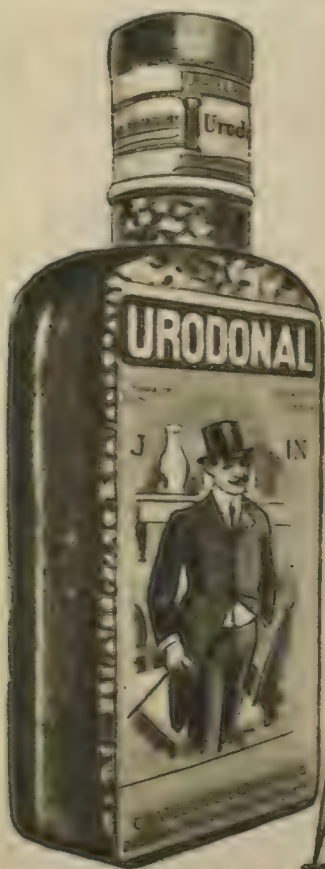
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Need for Trials.

It is interesting, as well as satisfactory, to hear that the Royal Scottish A.C. has decided to enlarge the conditions of its projected light car reliability trial next June, to take in cars having a cubic cylinder capacity up to 1600 c.c. Originally, the maximum limit was 1500 c.c., but, it having been pointed out that this would exclude quite a number of well-known light cars, it has now been decided to increase the limit as noted. That is, if the trial is held at all, which now seems a little doubtful.

Before the war there were many who argued that the day of the reliability trial had passed. There was nothing more, they said, which such trials could teach the designer, nor were they really informative to the public by reason of the fact that there was too much of the element of luck in the awards. I could never agree with this point of view, except in so far as the luck of the awards was concerned. I have myself been a victim. In the very last of the pre-war R.A.C. trials I had two stops, one due to a faulty sparking-plug and the other to the jarring open of the drain-cock on the water-pump. Neither was due to bad design or faulty construction of the car, yet either was sufficient to stop the car gaining the "nonstop" medal. *Prima facie*, the car was a worse vehicle, on the trial awards, than others which managed, some of them, to just scramble through with non-stops. As a matter of fact, quite the reverse was the case, because, in my judgment, there was nothing better, if as good, in the light car classes. But the fact that the element of chance enters so much into the awards does not imply that the principle of the reliability trial is wrong. What it does mean is, that the regulations, which fail to discriminate between the trivial occurrences which are due to no fault, and those which are due to bad design or material, are wrong. To go back to the R.A.C. trial of 1914, for another example, a car which received the gold medal for a non-stop run actually finished the week's trial with a broken front spring. No account was taken



MOTORING IN BOMBAY: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL-KINGSTON—MR. K. D. WADIA AT THE WHEEL.



A GOOD CLIMBER: A WOLSELEY "TWENTY" ON SUNRISING HILL.

of this by the judges, merely because the driver had managed to jockey his car through without a road stop. Obviously, on the showing, his performance was actually

worse by far than mine, since the car I was driving finished in absolutely perfect condition, and actually ran through the rest of the summer to the outbreak of war without being touched, and is doing good service to-day.

Reliability trials are as essential to-day as ever they were. More so, in fact, because of the numbers of new firms who have come into the industry without experience, and who are selling cars which are absolutely untried and unknown quantities. Especially is this the case in the "light" class, and for that reason I am more than pleased that the Scottish Club has altered its conditions to take in the whole of the class. It is going to be a very interesting trial indeed, from which not only the manufacturer but the public will learn a very great deal.

Guides to the Battlefields.

Those who are familiar with the excellent maps and guide-books issued by the Michelin Company before the war—the Michelin maps were easily the best published—will not need to be told that the new series relating to the French and Flemish battlefields are well worth a place in the motorist's library. I have before me the first two volumes of the series, "Ypres" and "Rheims." They not only possess the guide-book interest, but embody a running history of the operations which took place in the respective areas. This is very well done. Neither overlaps in such a way as to disturb the balance of interest, so to say, and the consequence is a work of no little value, either to the student of the war or the pilgrim to the battlefields. Similar works are promised on the "Hindenburg Line," and the "Second Battle of the Marne." Those already published include, in addition to those mentioned, "The Battlefields of the Marne (1914)," "Amiens," "Soissons," "Lille," and "Verdun."

Accessories of Note.

I am often given to wonder where the ingenious people who produce motoring accessories achieve their ideas. Never a day goes by but one sees something new and strange in the way of details which go to make our motoring easier and therefore pleasanter. For example, we know

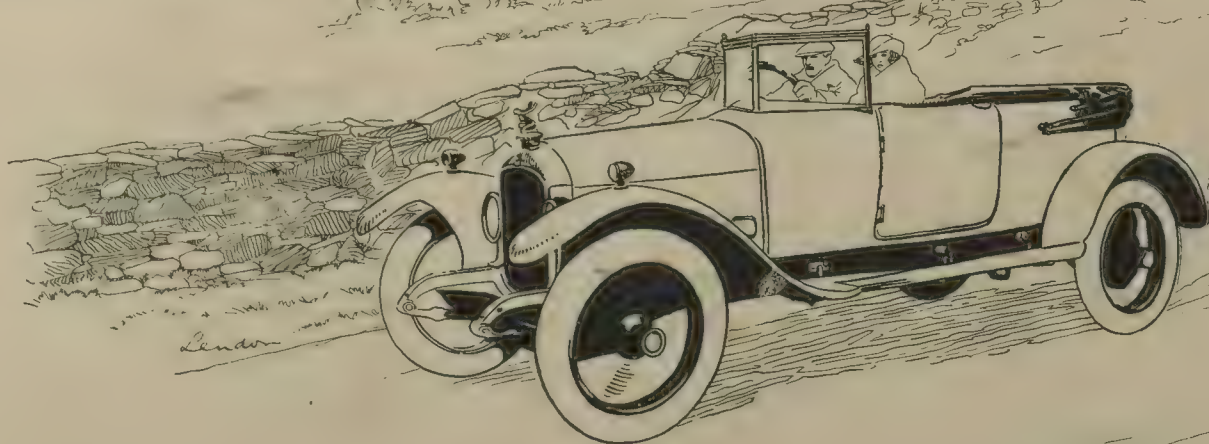
[Continued overleaf.]

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Used as standard equipment on all Maxwell Motor Cars as well as many others.

Continued.

how troublesome a faulty plug can be, and how difficult it sometimes is for the amateur to diagnose for himself exactly where the fault lies. All sorts of devices have been produced at one time and another to enable such a diagnosis to be made, but they have all suffered from the fundamental fault that they do not tell us any more than that the current is or is not getting to the plug terminals—they are silent about what is taking place in the cylinder. Messrs. Smith and Son are selling a device, known as the "Radamax," which does indicate whether the spark is actually passing across the plug points. It is a very pretty instrument, and scientific withal, nor is it expensive at the price at which it is listed, namely, 15s.

Messrs. Brown Brothers have sent me a very useful pocket knife, containing, as well as the blade, a fine file, a magneto gauge, and an insulated plug-tester—quite a compendium of usefulness, priced at 6s. They have also forwarded particulars of a new magneto switch, a very neat and effective contrivance. W. W.

No doubt the pen with which Mr. Lloyd George signed the great Peace Treaty at Versailles will go down to posterity as one of the treasured heirlooms of the nation. This pen, Mr. Lloyd George's own gold-mounted Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, is now known as the "Peace Pen." Probably no other pen in the history of the world has signed so many documents of international importance.

French wine merchants since the beginning of the war have been shipping French Moselers to this country under the brand or Moseloro. These light wines are now well known and highly appreciated. Medical men pronounce them especially suitable for sufferers from rheumatism or gout. Moseloros are shipped under various marks, of which the two most popular are Moseloro Doctor and Moseloro Estate Wine. They compare very favourably with German Hocks and Moselles, which British firms have hitherto agreed not to stock.

CHESS.

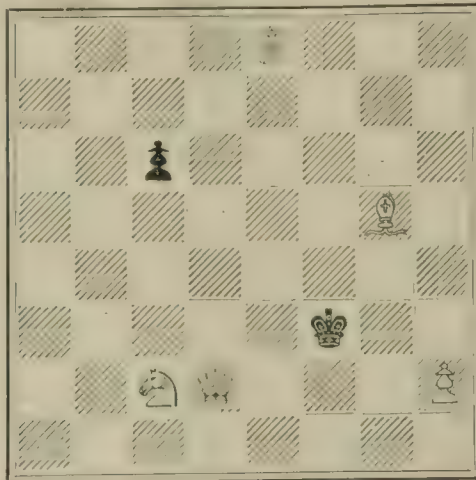
To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3828.—By W. LANGSTAFF.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------|
| WHITE | BLACK |
| 1. Kt to K 3rd | P to B 4th |
| 2. Kt to B 5th | P takes Kt |
| 3. B to K 5th (mate). | |

If Black play, 1. B to K 7th, 2. Kt to Kt 2nd; and if 1. B to K 5th, then Kt to Kt 4th.

PROBLEM No. 3830.—By W. LANGSTAFF.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

E. M. VICARS (Norwich).—Thanks very much for your problem, but we simply dare not publish it. The trouble of explanation to those who do not understand the "en passant" play is more than we can face.

A. M. SPARKE (Lincoln).—We are much obliged for your contribution, of which we shall make early use.

W. R. KINSEY (Sydenham).—Acceptable, as usual.

E. M. LANE (Clapham).—The amended version will be carefully examined.

E. LARKIN (Colchester).—We do not quite understand your diagram; but there is no mate in two moves to No. 3826 under any circumstances.

A. A. BOWLEY (Brighton).—We are very pleased to receive the game, and hope to publish it in an early number.

GLASGOW.—Games of your sort are very acceptable, although their publication has sometimes to wait for a suitable occasion. We hope to find an early one for your contribution.

O. H. LABONE (Belfast).—It recalls old times to hear from you again. We shall make an early use of the game.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3826 received from Charles Cottier (Clarens, Switzerland); of No. 3827 from Victor Alfred Way (Sheffield), Charles W. Warry (Peckham), J. F. Wilkinson (Alexandria), W. F. Hawkins (Burnham-on-Sea), Charles Cottier, R. F. Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada), and J. B. Camara (Madeira); of No. 3828 from Cecil de Winton, Jas. C. Gemmell (Campbeltown), Charles W. Warry, P. W. Hunt (Bridgwater), Léon Ryłski (Belfast), H. B. (St. Leonards-on-Sea), E. B. Stamp (Gresham's School), P. Cooper (Clapham), W. G. Kimbey (Southampton), C. A. P. (Bournemouth), Herbert Filmer (Faversham), and E. J. Gibbs (East Ham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3829 received from J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), R. C. Durell (South Woodford), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Colham), H. W. Satow (Bangor), C. H. Watson (Masham), J. C. Hamer, A. H. H. (Bath), H. Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), E. B. Stamp, William F. Porter (Leeds), G. Box (Eltham College), and Léon Ryłski (Belfast).

Messrs. Bell and Sons announce the publication of Señor Capablanca's book, "My Chess Career"; price 7s. 6d. net. The volume contains thirty-five games which he has played at various stages of his career, very fully annotated by himself, and chosen to show the development of his powers. It concludes with a few hints to beginners.

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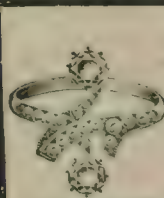
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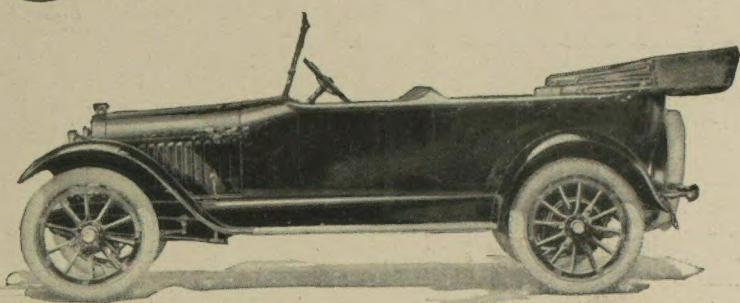


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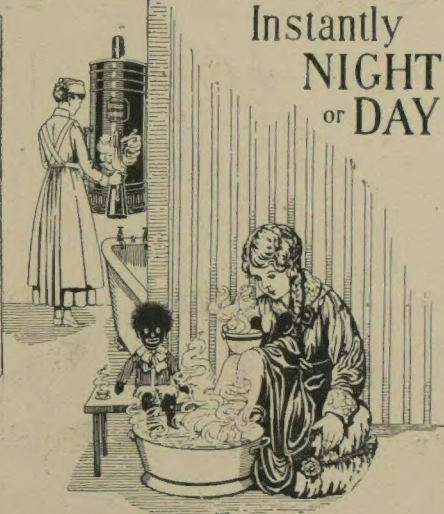
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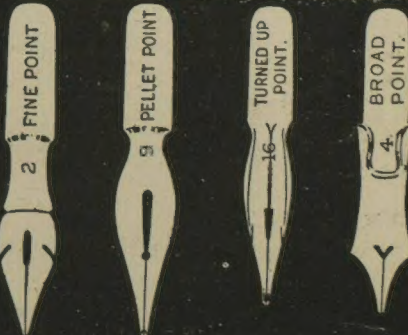


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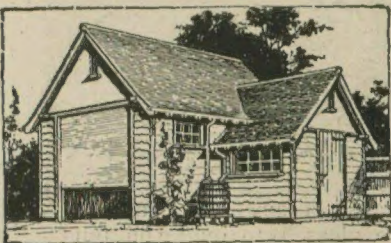
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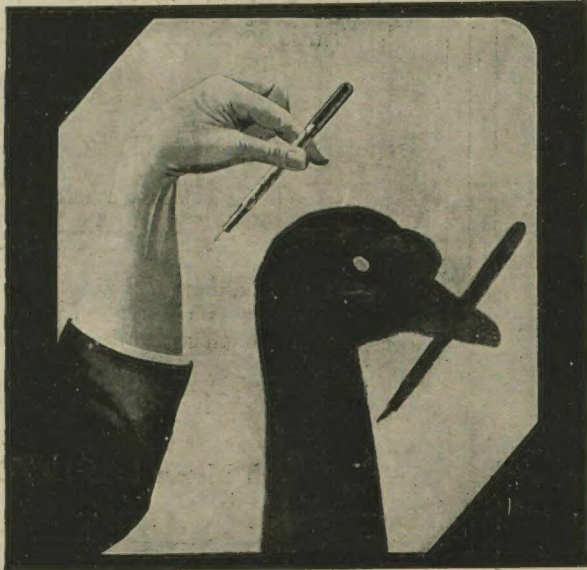
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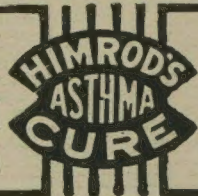
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Syrup

The spread for bread

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